New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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By Admass to the Holocaust

THE next ten months, said President Kennedy, may determine the fate of mankind for 10,000 years. He might have gone further. The future of the United Nations, and the issue of war or peace over Berlin, will probably be shaped within the next ten weeks. Both problems are immensely complex; both will involve detailed and finely-balanced negotiations. In both, western public opinion will have a major – perhaps decisive – role to play. Confronted with this climacteric, it is vital that the public should be provided with the fullest and most objective coverage of the news.

The British press has not distinguished itself in recent weeks. On another page, Francis Williams analyses a peculiarly nauseating example of Fleet Street's obsession with sexual trivia. By contrast, all this month's important news-stories have been inadequately handled. Little attempt was made to present the essential background to UN intervention in Katanga. The crisis created by the death of Mr Hammarskjold has been swamped in the verbiage of anti-UN propaganda. The opening of the Common Market negotiations has been virtually ignored – or cocooned in editorial prejudice. In Berlin, 'human interest' stories have been allowed to obscure the complex issues which really are of vital interest to all humanity.

This failure throws a heavy burden on the other mass-communication media – above all, on television. Happily, at least one of the mass-communicators is equal to the occasion. In recent years the BBC has built up a complex of news, feature and discussion programmes which, in depth of vision, objectivity and technical brilliance, are unique in broadcasting. In times like these, they provide a window on events through which the public can see the world steadily and whole.

Regrettably, commercial TV has failed to match this standard. In the screening of soap-opera, quiz-games and variety shows it remains, indeed, unrivalled. But its efforts to compete with the BBC in serious news-presentation have ended in feeble parody. Alarmed by the shadow of the Pilkington Report, the companies have embarked on frenzied attempts this autumn to elevate their image. In practice, this means the concoction of servile imitations of BBC programmes and futile efforts to buy over BBC commentators and producers with established reputations. Futile, of course: members of the BBC know well enough that, once the Pilkington shadow is lifted, commercial TV will relapse into Admass apathy. For, with few exceptions, the businessmen who control it are concerned primarily with balance sheets.

In the field of mass-communications, the government has a statutory duty to see that the public interest is served. One might reasonably expect it, therefore, to provide the BBC with the fullest support in its efforts to explain and inform. On the contrary: all its recent decisions have been palpably designed to impede the development of the Corporation. Following objections by commercial TV companies and radio manufacturers, which rested largely on financial considerations, the government vetoed the BBC's viable and imaginative scheme for colour TV, which might have given Britain a decisive lead in this field. This Monday, the government also rejected the BBC's new plan for TV development in Wales, which had the full support of the independent National Broadcasting Council for Wales.

Now the BBC has outlined its plans for a second channel. In the words of its Director of Television, its chief function would be to provide more time for explaining and interpreting news. TV, he said, should not be allowed to become 'a mother-substitute to which people of all ages turn increasingly for comfort and forgetfulness'. These wise sentiments may not appeal to the Cabinet. But they must evoke an echo among thousands of public-spirited people who, if they choose to throw their weight into the controversy, could have a decisive effect on the future of British broadcasting – and so contribute to the process of enlightenment which is the surest defence against war.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

The Left's Last Chance

ANTHONY HOWARD

A dull Labour Party conference? Admittedly that is what everyone has been saying – with some adding for good measure that, considering what damage these occasions normally do to Gallup Poll figures, that may be just as well. A risk on Polaris, a danger on Panzers, a few shouts in the night about the public schools – and the leadership expects to float to the shore home and dry. It is not at all what any seer at Scarborough last year would have predicted; and it seems certain to be a horrid disappointment to all those who like their politics as General Booth liked his religion – hot.

And yet in politics, to be important and decisive, things do not necessarily have to be dramatic and exciting. Of course, on the superficial level the outcome of next week at Blackpool is pre-determined: rather more people than stay to join in the *Red Flag* at the end will be straining their lungs on *For He's A Jolly Good Fellow* somewhere near the beginning, and most of us could write next week's highly personalised headlines with our eyes blindfolded. But, in fact, this coming week in the Winter Gardens, Blackpool, is not really about Mr Gaitskell – or, for that matter, Mr Wilson. When the shouts of those that triumph have died away – and when Mr W. T. Rodgers and Mr Denis Howell have taken their final curtain call in the columns of the *Daily Herald* – someone may begin to see through a glass darkly that what the whole business has in reality been about is the fate of the Left (of all varieties) in the British Labour movement.

It needs perhaps to be stated plainly that unless at the end of next week – or better still during it – the Labour Party's traditional left wing manages to re-group itself, to find some new touchstones, to face up, in fact, to its future, it will cease to be anything but a frail peripheral movement, of some historical curiosity but of no practical relevance. That may, of course, have been the hidden aim of the parliamentary leadership all along. But if that is the case (and one prominent Labour front-bencher boasted of as much over dinner recently to a woman MP) it is well to understand its implications from the beginning.

We could do worse than to start with a rather depressed group of young people who throughout next week will be standing at the doors of the Winter Gardens trying to press pamphlets, papers, even daily conference bulletins into delegates' hands. As the last remnant of the New Left keeping any contact with the Labour Party, they have some importance – not because what they have to say is necessarily especially sensible but because they have a touching faith in something that by next Friday may well be destroyed: the belief that it is still worth while to try to work through the Labour Party to achieve political objectives.

Ever since the heads rolled at Morecambe in 1952, the real battle between the left wing and the right wing has not been about health charges, German re-armament, public ownership or even the H-bomb. It has rather been about the nature of the Labour movement; and the Left – despite all its reverses and its failure to make use of its opportunities – has always been able to keep this basic issue alive.

The party, it has affirmed, differs from its rivals in being a popular participative party, a party in which the voices are collected from below rather than being accepted from on high. When in 1956 – in that same multi-chandeliered Empress Ballroom in which the conference will be held next week – Mr Bevan rose from his stall to acknowledge the tidal wave of enthusiasm that greeted his victory over Mr George Brown for the treasurership, the point seemed to have been proved. It had been demonstrated that a party could work within a parliamentary system, while remaining democratically distinctive. It is the final comment on the decline of those who have been vainly trying to keep the Left within the Labour Party that they now seem to be in peril of losing even this last citadel, of being battered into a submissive agreement that, although people count in the Labour Party, those inside parliament necessarily count more.

If this last citadel is lost this coming week, it will not be so much because it has been stormed and captured as because it has been evacuated. There is today a defeatist, sour smell about the official left wing of the Labour Party. The party, one is told, has never been in such a low state of morale, it is difficult to see the point of struggling any more – and hopelessly the hands are wrung and the defiant gestures made in the direction of Trafalgar Square, Holy Loch and all that might have been. It almost seems as if Victory For Socialism's Sunday morning question-and-answer session and Wednesday night's ghost of a *Tribune* meeting are being offered this year by way of apology – as if it were somehow improper to try and compete with the various upsurges of protest that are now going on completely outside the Labour Party.

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NEXT WEEK

Labour at Blackpool

VICKY & ANTHONY HOWARD

Mexico's Grand Old Man

K. S. KAROL *interviews Cardenas*

The melancholy truth, of course, is that such efforts as the Labour-organised Left has been making lately have been singularly maladroit. Its abortive campaign against the presence of German troops in Wales was of such virulence as to alienate the sympathies of some of its traditional supporters. And to march under a banner 'Forward Britain' – with Lord Hinchingbrooke in vocal support – was one of the strangest possible ways of making a Socialist case against the Common Market. Unless it can now find new bearings, the danger is that the Labour Left may become a totally lost tribe.

At Blackpool this week it faces the test – and with some sizeable handicaps. Although the constitutional rule forbidding discussion on the same subject two years running mysteriously does not operate when the need is to 'fight and fight and fight again', it has been invoked to prevent the tabling or resolutions on democracy in the party – which is the one part of its case that the Left cannot afford to lose by default. Moreover the very issues on which it might be raised will be being argued in an inhibited atmosphere: it is not easy to bring up fundamental questions when the discussion is taking place on a newly published policy document, or indeed to mount any massive criticisms when foreign politics are debated under the shadow of international negotiations.

All the same one could wish that the protesting resolutions themselves did not have quite such a musty air. If the Campaign For Democratic Socialism's prepared texts show through a little too clearly in the identical preambles to a majority of the loyalist defence motions, those from the Left are scarcely less predictable. A large number of them are content simply with a call for a re-affirmation of the Scarborough decision, others stoically maintain the language of 'a great and necessary moral gesture' – and hardly anywhere is there an indication that a new situation (if only one created by the parliamentary leadership) needs a new approach.

In any case one of the most serious disadvantages of the Left has traditionally been that its most articulate spokesmen are bound and gagged – and this year will be no exception. Michael Foot is a prohibited entrant into the body of the hall, the rebels on the platform have been carefully silenced, and even those figures of the Centre from whom a helping hand might have been expected are restricted by having to provide either the keynote speech of the conference – or indeed by having to introduce *Signposts Of The Sixties* to the delegates.

At Blackpool the Left has to face the fact that it will have to save itself by its own exertions. The threat, of course, is that it will expend its energies on fighting last year's battles (not to mention those of seven years ago) – and that having lost them it will collapse in exhaustion. If it does so – if its anguish over the reversal of last year's victory overcomes its anxiety over the Common Market – it will not merely be a case of mourning a minority. The Labour Party will have ceased to be an all-embracing coalition and will have become instead a tight, inclusive club. And something far more serious than occurred at Scarborough last year will have happened to British politics.

Comments on the Week's News

New York

The UN Works On

KINGSLEY MARTIN *writes*: Far the most interesting remark in the long spate of clichés with which Mr Gromyko bored the Assembly last Tuesday was that an institution which was thrown into a crisis by the death of its chief executive officer must be worthless. In short, had Hammarskjold created a United Nations executive that would continue to function without him? This question is far more important than speculation about Hammarskjold's successor. On this it is enough to say that Mongi Slim still seems to me the most likely stop-gap, with the title perhaps of 'Head of the Executive', pending solution of the direct conflict on the Troika issue that Krushchev has created.

Gromyko showed that the USSR does not apparently intend to push the argument to breaking-point. In telling the Assembly to make a provisional solution, he seemed in effect to agree not to fight the legal issue of whether the Assembly has the right to appoint a temporary Secretary-General. Slim's appointment is not certain as I write. Many names are being mentioned, including B. K. Nehru, the Indian Ambassador to Washington. It seems unlikely that he would accept. U Thant of Burma, both popular and efficient, is more probable. Among the dark horses, much the best in my view is Barrington of the Burmese Foreign Office, who is very able and experienced. Still, my bet is Mongi Slim.

On the bigger issue of the future of the UN, it is important that the Secretariat functions with efficiency and continues an active policy in the Congo. Hammarskjold was able to carry on this policy, in spite of initial mistakes, because he appointed an advisory body of Africans and had the support from the outset of countries like Ghana and Nigeria, who accepted a broad interpretation of the Security Council's mandate. It is a tribute to Hammarskjold that those who laughed at the UN because it was a 'debating society' now complain because it has teeth.

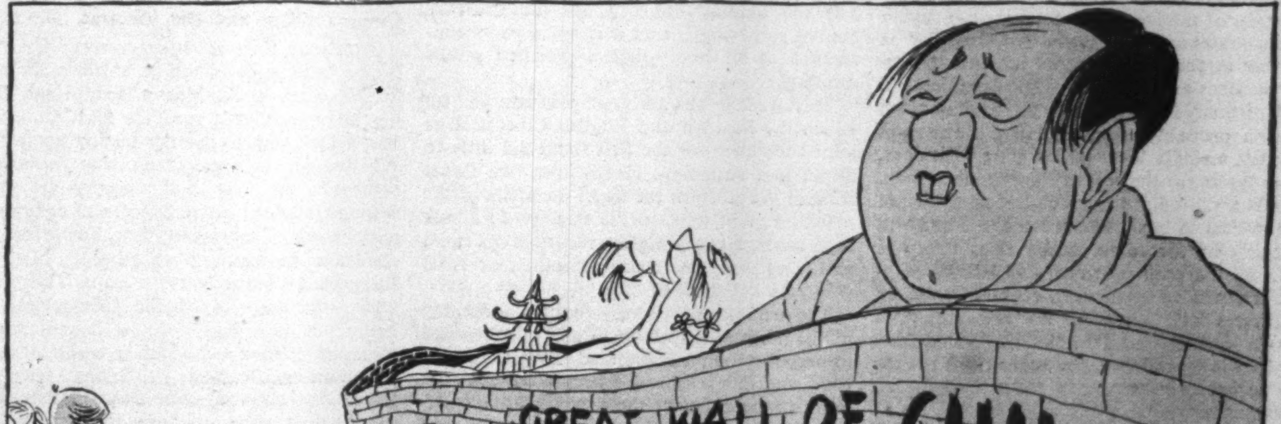
In any reorganisation which aims at making the Secretariat more representative, the problem would be how to give the new Secretary-General advisers whom he would have to consult on the interpretation of a mandate and on the political line without destroying all efficiency by holding up his administration. The border line here is difficult to find. Administrative decisions often imply policy. In time a strong Secretary-General might solve this problem and create a really great institution, but time and goodwill are in short supply in the Cold War.

The chief interest in Kennedy's and Gromyko's speeches turned on hints that could be found in them about the possible solution of the Berlin problem. Kennedy's oration was elaborately phrased to show once again that America would resist Communism; but it could not dispel the dawning realisation that an agreement is being quietly worked out behind the scenes. Informed people here know that the basis of accommodation is already nearing agreement. Kennedy was careful not to contradict General Clay's calculated indiscretion in Berlin. In Washington, the Foreign Ministers of the US, Britain, France and West Germany have agreed that the recognition of East Germany is negotiable. They also accept the permanence of the Oder-Neisse line and the principle of refusing nuclear weapons to both Germanys.

Unhappily the ghost of Dulles still haunts US foreign policy, and though Acheson is no longer in the State Department, he is still influential. Otherwise Kennedy would surely see that the way out of his difficulty is to explain to the American people that a new German settlement is overdue and that America is putting forward positive proposals for the future which Russians can bargain about. If that were done, the stigma of 'concessions to the Reds', would be avoided. As it is, Kennedy goes on shouting about his readiness to fight for access to Berlin and freedom of Berliners, in the same week that Gromyko repeats with added emphasis that Russia is willing to give any possible guarantee that access to Berlin will remain secure and that no one will interfere in the future with the West Berlin way of life.

The American public remains bewildered, being told every day that Russia threatens Berlin and that America will never give way. As it leaks out that East Germany is going to be recognised and that the West Germans regard it as a betrayal to talk of two Germanys, the Republican press screams 'Munich' and sharpens its knives for the day when inevitably some accommodation on agreed lines is officially announced. When that day comes, Kennedy will be 'crucified' by the press, and a great opportunity will be given to the already dangerously growing Fascist groups in America.

This major issue has obscured other events in the Assembly. The Yugoslav Foreign Minister, for instance, has made a really brave and really genuinely unaligned speech, such



'I think I can recognise the little guy now—but who's the big feller?'

as many of us hoped to hear from Tito at Belgrade. It made Gromyko's disingenuous defence of the Soviet renewal of nuclear testing look horribly cheap. The Ghanaian Foreign Minister gave a horrifying account of genocide in Angola and told the Assembly that, in South Africa, anyone who had a copy of the official reproduction of a speech made by Nkrumah at the United Nations was liable to five years in gaol.

Finally the Dutch representative made a speech that would normally have caused something of a sensation, asking the UN to take over West Irian (Dutch New Guinea) and offering to subsidise its administration out of Dutch funds. He rightly claimed that this was a new form of anti-colonialism. If it were not for the Cold War, one would be very optimistic about the United Nations, where colonialism is dying – as we watch amid the applause of a majority of ex-colonials and surrounded by the scarcely hidden smiles of gratification on the faces of the former imperialists.

Jamaica

Measuring the Damage

A Special Correspondent writes: Although it had been clear all along that the Jamaican referendum would produce an impressive demonstration against federation, the massive anti-federation vote of the rural areas came as a surprise. Sir Alexander Bustamente and his lieutenants told the poorer voters that federation would cost a lot of money; and the true reply, that services provided in common are cheaper than services provided separately by Jamaica, did not get across to the electorate, the vast majority of whom know little of the functions of a modern government. In these inauspicious circumstances the Jamaican government will now have to negotiate the break-up of the federal structure, while trying to negotiate as good terms for Jamaica as possible in the arrangements for such necessary services as the meteorological service and the University College. All in all, the Jamaican decision probably means an end to the attempt to create a single West Indian state. If it does, the prospect for the rest of the islands is grim. Trinidad, the only other wealthy unit, cannot be expected to bear the burden alone and will probably be forced to secede also. This will leave all the poor, overcrowded islands helpless. They have competing economies, rising birth-rates and virtually no resources. Although Jamaica and Trinidad may attain their separate independence, the other eight islands will be left as permanently pauperised British dependants.

Congo

Taking Stock

Ten days after Mr Hammarskjold's death the Congo situation seems as obscure as it did a week ago. The truce between the UN Force in Katanga and Mr Tshombe's mercenary-led army reflects the fact that the fighting earlier this month was inconclusive. That in itself is a great setback to the authority of the UN, which clearly cannot mount a further offensive until its Force is considerably strengthened and provided with some air cover. The chances of this happening in present circumstances seem very remote. We are therefore back where we were before the military action began. Katanga is separate from the rest of the Congo and is being administered largely by European 'contract' advisers; Tshombe and his government have no intention of abandoning their separatist course and, apart from unrest among the Baluba tribesmen, they appear to be reasonably secure in their position. The Leopoldville government is still talking about its plans for an invasion, but there is no reason to think that General Mobutu's army has the capacity to mount it. The sad difference between the situation now and a month ago is that the UN has shot its bolt.

Much unwarrantable blame has been laid at the door of Dr O'Brien, the chief UN civilian officer in Katanga. But as so often in reporting the Congo, the British press has presented a partial view of the truth. The evidence is conclusive that Dr O'Brien both conducted the Katanga operation as efficiently as possible, given his resources, and acted on instructions from the chief UN officer in the Congo. This official in turn acted on instructions from New York. The 'blame', therefore, if any, rests with Mr Hammarskjold. The truth is, however, that the Secretary-General had been asked to implement an impossible mandate. In the light of what has since happened, the General Assembly must now reconsider the problem of the Congo and provide its new Chief Executive with a realistic mandate and the resources to carry it out.

The Liberals

Too Much Too Late?

ANTHONY HOWARD *writes*: Whereas the Labour and Conservative Parties hold conferences, the Liberal Party is content with an 'assembly'. The distinction in label may not be deliberate, but it has some justification. For the abiding doubt about the Liberals' annual gathering is that it is not a party conference at all but rather a glorified public meeting.

This year's assembly at Edinburgh (in which the Scottish and English Liberal clans joined together for the first time) did little to dispel that suspicion. Hands rose like Great Birnam Wood from the floor, members of the platform gaily went to the rostrum to attack each other, and the highest recorded vote in a gathering that was meant to consist of 1,300 delegates fell short of 500.

The trouble, of course, about a three-day public meeting is that it is a great deal harder to organise than a disciplined delegate conference; and this is almost certainly the explanation for the difficulty the Liberals have traditionally experienced in preserving order and banishing chaos whenever they meet together. Things in the Liberal Party, however, have been changing lately. And the first thing to be said about the 1961 Assembly is that, although the party has plainly not yet got round to attending to the credentials of those who came to it, it has at least learnt how to control them once they are there.

The new disciplinarians in the Liberal Party were, in fact entitled to feel a measure of relief as they departed from Edinburgh last week. The famous Liberal revival may have remained as unprovable as ever, but at least the assembly had not raised any serious doubt about the question of Liberal survival.

For at Edinburgh the Liberal Party did at last betray some signs of being capable of profiting by its mistakes. One looked in vain, for example, for all those celebrities who a few years ago were the party's pride and joy. The TV personalities, the actresses, even the formerly famous colonel of the Grenadier Guards appeared to have been bundled out as suddenly as they barged in; and in their place had come earnest, conscientious young men and women who made up what they lacked in glamour by an understanding of what politics is actually about. It was they who forced some sense into the executive's flatulent motion about Berlin, and it was they who triumphantly smothered the party's old guard on the need for economic planning – producing a policy which even the *Daily Herald* predicted 'could hardly be bettered at Labour's conference next month'. When Mr Grimond announced on Saturday 'We want to break down entirely this devilish British class structure', it was from these new recruits that he got the loudest applause.

It will almost certainly turn out to be one of the sadder ironies of politics that Mr Grimond should have won his battle to make the Liberals into 'a new radical, progressive party', at precisely the moment when it no longer seems to be important. But at Edinburgh – despite the traditional absurdities like the inevitable outbreak of Scottish nationalism and the casual ignoring of the implications of the Common Market in the new Liberal Five Year Plan – he certainly attained his victory. By the end it was impossible not to wonder what such comparatively recent figures of the Liberal past as Mr Edward Martell and Lord Moynihan (both now of the People's League for the Defence of Freedom) – not to mention the party's 1,600,000 voters, mainly in safe Tory seats – can have made of it all. And indeed what revenge they will exact for it at the next election.

India

Communalism and the Election

A Special Correspondent writes: The two Indian fasters-unto-death in Amritsar are now in their sixth week; Master Tara Singh fasting in support of a separate Sikh State and Surya Dev who is counter-fasting against it. Whether or not some face-saving formula is achieved, the fast and counter-fast have demonstrated the grave dangers of communal nationalism. Congress leaders, aware of this challenge, have set up an all-party National Integration Committee to meet it. This week, under the auspices of the Committee, Mr Nehru is presiding over a 'counter-communalist' conference, which is being attended by ministers, leading politicians, scientists, educationalists and some industrialists. One of the first proposals put forward by the National Integration Committee is a charter of election conduct which will impose on political candidates a pledge to make no appeals to the electorate based on caste and communalism and to refrain from any electoral arrangements with communal organisations. In past elections all political parties have made such alliances, and most responsible political leaders now realise that they have encouraged the growth of this monster of communalism, the biggest threat to India's national integrity.

Meanwhile, the Indian electorate has had its preview of election manifestoes in drafts released by the Praja Socialist Party, the Jan Sangh and Congress. The PSP, claiming 'unshakable faith in the concept of Socialism that challenges the present social order' has little praise for any of India's five-year plans which have heaped burdens on the people and widened economic disparities. The Jan Sangh, with no likelihood of having to implement them, makes glowing promises of a minimum wage, a clean and economic administration and cheap justice for all. Both the PSP and the Jan Sangh challenge Congress on its 'failure' to defend the national frontiers – meaning, of course, its policy towards Pakistan and China.

The Congress draft manifesto is a very sober affair. 'In the vast and variegated picture of India today' the three great achievements mentioned are the increase in ten years of the number of children at school from 24 million to 46 million, and the goal of 65 million by the end of the third plan; the rise in expectation of life from 32 to 47.5 years, and the extension of community development projects to about 70 per cent of the nation's villages. Congress claims that the foundations have now been laid for a progressive economy – and implies that it will become a Socialist one. The criticism, however, will certainly be made that the private rather than the public sector of India's economy is being increasingly favoured.

Fleet Street

The World of Paul Slickey

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* Few subjects have more regularly engaged the Press Council in its annual reports than press intrusion into private lives. In annual report after annual report it has explained with that bland benevolence which is the distinguishing mark of so many of its activities (a) that few specific charges ever reach it 'compared with the number of journalists in the country; (b) that very few of those that do stand up under its inquiries; and (c) that all this public feeling is mainly due to a public failure to understand that 'the reporter would be faithless to his trust and a danger to his paper if he were to accept wild hearsay or cruel tittle-tattle'. I like this last phrase particularly: gossip columnists, I understand, intone it nightly.

There is, the Press Council has remarked on several occasions, 'the factor of public welfare' to take into account; and in one of its longest pieces on the subject a year or two back it summoned up reserves in the shape of the code of ethics, propounded – but not in my experience much honoured – by the American Society of Newspaper Editors, and declared that the principle that ought, and usually did, govern newspapers was that there should be no invasion of private lives 'without sure warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity'. In the light of these admirable sentiments I can hardly wait for the moment when the Press Council explains to us the exact nature of the 'warrant of public right' involved in the matter of Mr John Osborne and Mrs Gilliatt.

The *Sunday Pictorial* was the first to answer the call of the 'public right'. Determined that no one should be able to accuse it of being 'faithless to its trust', it announced on its front page in large white type on a black background 'John Osborne and Friend In a Mystery Midnight Move'. This was flanked by a four-column picture of 'Playwright John Osborne with his wife Mary' and a two-column picture of 'Dr Roger Gilliatt and his wife Penelope'. 'John Osborne, Britain's bomb-squatting playwright has made a sudden moonlight move from London to his new country home down by an old mill-stream in Sussex', the story by 'Pictorial Reporters' opened dramatically. 'Just after midnight yesterday he drove to the Old Water Mill, Hellingly, Sussex, accompanied by a beautiful woman in a light coat'. He was, 'a dark-haired woman who said she was Mr Osborne's secretary' explained, in a phrase that deserves to go down to history, moving from London 'to get away from all the publicity'. He evidently misjudged the high ideals of public service that animate Fleet Street: he should read *The World of Paul Slickey* some time. The *Pictorial* was on his tail.

Indeed it seems to have had reporters lurking behind every third lamp post for hours while fast cars stood by. At all events, every movement of Mr Osborne, his secretary, Mr Anthony Creighton (his friend) and a small removal van which appears to have been employed by him were watched by *Pictorial* men, who followed the removal van in a fast car. Eventually they reached the Old Water Mill, where their vigil was rewarded: 'An hour later, Mr Osborne drove up. With him in his hard-topped sports car was the beautiful woman wearing a light coat.' End of first episode.

On Monday the story was taken up by the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Mail* and, somewhat surprisingly, the *Daily Telegraph*. One had tended, apparently wrongly, to assume that the *Telegraph* governed its affairs by somewhat different standards. Not so. It considered Mr Osborne's private life worth a full column and two pictures. Only *The Times* and the *Guardian* (one had naturally assumed it of them) and, as I was delighted to see, the *Herald* preferred to be out of the fashion—taking the strange view that the private life even of a well-known playwright is his own affair and not a matter for hour-by-hour reports by journalists playing the part of disreputable private detectives.

The *Mirror* took up where the *Pictorial* left off – though the *Pictorial's* 'beautiful woman in a light coat' seems to have dropped out of the cast. According to the *Mirror*, Osborne met Mrs Gilliatt at Brighton on Sunday off the 1.28 pm train from Victoria. From then on they were trailed step by step and stop by stop until, just before 9 pm, they reached the Old Water Mill. Another night under the trees, no doubt, for the members of a profession to which I used to be proud to belong.

Mr Osborne and Mr Creighton were finally persuaded to appear. 'I have nothing at all to say', said Osborne, 'and neither has Mrs Gilliatt. Now go away.' Go away indeed, Hasn't he heard about the freedom of the press? Who does the man think he is? Neither the *Telegraph* (the most successful 'quality' paper, you will remember) nor the others were prepared to stand for this sort of nonsense. The *Telegraph* man spoke out straight and proper for the right of the press to poke its nose where it wishes. 'I asked him', he proudly informed *Telegraph* readers, 'about the future of his marriage.' Also, 'had Mrs Gilliatt left her husband?' Osborne – an uncooperative man if ever there was one – while remaining, we are told, polite but firm (why he should have been polite I do not know) actually refused to answer. If he is not careful he will be making an enemy of the press.

No doubt, as I said earlier, the Press Council will in due course explain to us the 'warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity' that governed this operation. Meanwhile for myself I can only say that this seems to me to be one of the most disreputable and degrading examples of what passes in some parts of Fleet Street for newspaper enterprise I have come across in years. I consider the editors, news editors and reporters involved showed themselves in this matter a disgrace to journalism. I should like to think that in due course they will feel a little ashamed themselves. But that, I am afraid, is too much to hope.

Le Plan: Miracle or Myth?

BARBARA CASTLE

Planning is in the air. Faced with the third economic crisis in ten years of Tory freedom, the government has begun to look nervously round for an alternative. Hence Mr Selwyn Lloyd's sudden interest in the French planning system. Even the *Economist* has started to pay respectful attention to it. Since praise from such quarters would make any Socialist suspicious, I decided to had better go and have a thorough look at it. To this end I have recently spent some time in France, talking to all those concerned with planning: to key men in the Commissariat au Plan, the Ministry of Finance, associated government agencies, to politicians and trade unionists. And I have come away convinced that, unless the lessons of the French system are properly interpreted, we in Britain are likely to have its weakest elements foisted on us while ignoring the points at which it needs strengthening.

One thing is clear: France's economic growth since the war has outstripped that of Britain. Her increase in industrial production since 1951 has been more than twice as great as ours. Her exports have risen by 63 per cent during the same period, ours by only 18 per cent. Her annual rate of growth has averaged 4.1 per cent during this time while ours has been running at 2.2. Is this growth rate due to the fact that France has a planned economy? The answer is both yes and no.

To understand this paradox, we must break down planning into its component parts. The first is purely technical. It consists of the progressive mastery of purely mathematical techniques for working out the statistical consequences throughout the whole economy of certain economic acts. And it is here that the French planners have distinguished themselves. Ironically, these techniques have reached Europe from the US via a Russian-born economist, Vladimir Leontiev. His techniques of 'intersectional balance' and input-output tables were taken up in France by the brilliant young technocrats of 1945. With the aid of electronic computing machinery, they have become increasingly more refined.

All this, of course, is something quite separate from the uses to which the planning machinery is put. This brings us to the second component of planning: the enforcement of decisions consciously made in order to achieve a desired result. And here we realise why the French planning method has suddenly become so attractive to Mr Selwyn Lloyd and the *Economist*. For, as French spokesmen go out of their way to stress, the French method of planning is purely 'indicative'. Its essence lies in the fact that all those concerned with carrying out the plan are associated with the process of drawing it up and thus (the theory runs) become willing collaborators in seeing that its targets are achieved. The keynote of the French system, therefore, is not so much *dirigisme* as the creation of an *économie concertée* – a process whereby the technocrats in consultation with industry first calculate the rate of economic growth which it is thought to be possible to achieve over the next four years without disturbing the balance of payments, and then invite industrialists and trade unions through some 25 modernisation commissions to work out the consequences for their own sectors. The state reinforces the drive towards these targets by a series of financial and fiscal incentives to private industry.

The Triumph of the Technocrats

The lesson of all this, we are led to believe, is that planning based on friendly collaboration rather than controls will work just as well and prove more permanent. But France's experience shows that the truth is much more complicated. Certainly everyone in France (except the Communists) agrees that the mere setting of targets designed to secure a steady expansion of the economy provides a valuable stimulus to industry as long as a mood of expansion is dominant. But as soon as the natural impetus to growth is interrupted, 'indicative' planning proves inadequate.

When the Commissariat au Plan was set up in 1945 under Jean Monnet it started its work with two advantages. The first was the existence of a group of technocrats who, whether Marxist or conservative, were inspired by a common belief that planning was the only satisfying and intelligent way of getting things done. It was a cardinal principle of Monnet's own philosophy that economic problems can be handled satisfactorily only in units as big as the problems themselves. Hence his belief in the need for working out global programmes for the whole economy.

And the political atmosphere of 1945 helped these progressive young technocrats to operate effectively. The Right had been destroyed by its association with Vichy. The wind of reform blowing over France led to the extension of public ownership – sometimes for reasons of revenge rather than of economics. (Renault works, for instance, was taken over by the state as a punishment to its owner for having been a collaborator.) France was stirred by the realisation that her humiliation had been due in part to the appalling pre-war backwardness of French industry. De Gaulle, therefore, was only too ready to listen to those who urged a planned programme of restoration based on the battle cry of 'modernisation or decadence'.

The administrative structure adopted helped to give the planners their chance. The Commissariat au Plan, consisting of some 40 experts drawn from outside the civil service plus a small clerical staff, was originally a branch of the Prime Minister's office. Even when it was later brought under the general supervision of the Ministry of Finance and Economic Affairs, it still kept its extra-departmental status. Though part of the civil service therefore, the Commissariat has always enjoyed a certain autonomy. And it has never been the child of a financial department with the power and orthodox traditions of the British Treasury. Moreover, the economic section of the Ministry, with which the planners have to work, has at its head, in M. Grusón, a member of the same planning-minded 'club' as the rest of them.

The task which the planners set themselves in the first plan was to revitalise the basic industries without which it was impossible to restore the economy: coal, electricity, transport, steel, cement and agricultural machinery. Of these the first three were nationalised. Indeed, the existence of a large public sector in France has played an important part in the planning story. Moreover the extensive state control of credit enabled it to dictate to private firms. The steel industry, for example, was rationalised with the help of public money at specially favourable rates of interest. (Thirty per cent of its internal debt is publicly owned.) Marshall Aid put another effective lever in the planners' hands. The transformation of basic industries laid the foundations of later growth.

The second plan turned its attention to wider sectors: chiefly agriculture, housing and manufacturing industries. Here again, public money played a decisive role. So also did private savings which, thanks to the existence of the Caisse des Depôts, are channelled into semi-public hands. This typically French institution, created by Napoleon, centralises the savings of the small man to an extent achieved nowhere else. By another of those happy accidents of French planning, it has had as its director since 1953 a man who has interpreted his role as an interventionist and expansionist one. M. Bloch-Lainé deliberately set out to use his large funds (some £385m in 1959) to stimulate house building and create an adequate infra-structure of local services – roads, markets and so on. To this end he has created a technical arm, the Société de L'Equipement du Territoire. This has succeeded in setting up some 50 non-profit-making societies, called *sociétés d'economie mixte*, which are revitalising local industry.

Since, however, the levers which the planners have used have been purely incentive ones, expansion has tended to be indiscriminate. Their powers to control credit have not proved enough to stop firms, however inessential, from cashing in on the expansionist boom, since they could always raise money from private banks or out of their own resources. Chewing gum firms and petrol stations, for instance, continued to proliferate. Moreover the planners have never had the power to compel unwilling industries to modernise themselves. The machine tool industry, for instance, has remained woefully inadequate. France has been a net importer of many essentials such as machinery and machine tools. This, plus rising inflation, led to the balance of payments crisis of 1956, followed by the retrenchment and devaluation of 1957 and 1958 under Pinay.

'Indicative' planning, therefore, has not saved France from setbacks to her development. Real wages fell and the rate of growth in 1958 and 1959 declined sharply. Though this has recovered in 1960 and 1961, it is still not as high as in certain other European countries, notably Germany. Moreover the main rise in output is in agriculture which is already plagued with surpluses. Indeed one of the biggest failures in French planning has been in the agricultural field.

But attempts to rationalise agriculture and force under-employed peasants off the land come up against the fact that France has no effective policy for the distribution of industry. The attempt to create new industries in the more distressed regions and so absorb the hidden unemployed has failed lamentably. The French have no system of building licences (except for purely town planning purposes) or of industrial development certificates. Permits are needed for industrial building within the confines of Paris but, in a country as centralised as France, this prohibition, plus some mild financial inducements to go to the less attractive regions, has proved inadequate. As a result, half the industrial building still takes place within a 125-mile radius of the capital.

Faced with this situation, the trade unions have been demanding stronger planning powers. They ask for much more stringent control of credit, which, they say, can come only from the nationalisation of investment funds plus control over the growing element of self-financing. And they claim that if private industry fails to meet the national need (as, for instance, by going to the depressed areas), the state should fill the gap by public enterprise. More fundamentally, they complain that the assumptions about growth are largely formulated by industry. Nobody, they complain, has ever sat down to work out what the rate of growth *could* be in a properly planned society with the right social aims.

Their complaints have been echoed, significantly enough, in the latest report on the French economy by OEEC (July 1961) which points out that France's recovery since devaluation has largely been due to an expansion of exports and that, although internal demand began to rise again in 1960, available industrial resources are still under-employed. France's chief hopes of expansion at the moment, it points out, lie in local public works programmes and in house-building, which the state finances by low rates of interest.

No Room for Democracy

The OEEC report also queries whether the target of growth under the fourth plan, now under discussion (5.5 per cent per year), is bold enough. Clearly some new dynamic must be injected into the French economy. This, the trade unions urge, must come from a sustained effort by the state to clear up the pockets of poverty and social backwardness. After 15 years of 'planning' France's schools and universities are still scandalously overcrowded, technical education is still a Cinderella and there are no schemes afoot for the regional development of universities. How can we talk of planning, the unions ask, when there is no plan for absorbing the bulge of young people now coming into education or industry?

For in France the third element of planning, the democratic choice of aim, is lacking. Parliamentary control, indeed, is derisory. By the time the plan comes before the Assembly its intricate inter-relations have already been worked out, and all the deputies can do is approve or reject it in its entirety. The role of the Assembly in economic matters has been largely taken over by the Economic and Social Council, which is purely advisory.

'Democratic' consultation in the modernisation commissions is not much better. As the Christian trade unions have pointed out in a scathing report, the trade unions are outnumbered on these commissions by ten to one. Moreover, decisions are taken by majority vote. The only thing that has made planning as progressive as it is, is that the civil servants have sided so often with the trade unionists. None the less, the civil servants are bound by the limits of 'indicative' planning. All this explains why no clear political choices are presented to the French people.

The planners understand these dangers. In fact, they have begun to strike almost a Galbraithian note. In a speech in London last spring, M. Masse, the current head of the Commissariat au Plan, pointed out that the time was coming when the improvement of the living conditions of the people might depend more and more on the development of the collective services. The fourth plan, he said, had taken this into account though 'to be truthful, only on a timid scale.' M. Gruson, in a recent speech to a meeting of international experts, was still more frank. 'We must not conclude,' he said, 'that the same mechanisms and techniques of growth . . . will in future be sufficient to guarantee a strong and continuing growth.' Both agree that, as men's cruder consumption wants became satisfied in the affluent society, the processes of sustaining growth will become more difficult and will require to be increasingly underwritten by public activity. Yet they face the next four years under a new fear: that planning will be swept away in the coming merger with liberal economies like Germany's.

France's entry into the common market, I was assured, has so far had a stimulating effect. Planning has put the basic industries in better trim to meet competition and the prospect of progressive tariff cuts has forced some of the secondary industries to pull up their socks. But, as one of the planners put it to me: 'So far we have had the stimulus without the blow.' They have no doubt that the common market will lead to the massive cartelisation of European industry. Both M. Masse and M. Gruson have therefore urged the need for planning to be multi-national.

The dangers of importing the French system of 'indicative' planning into Britain are obvious. In order, therefore, that the British Labour movement can effectively expose the parody of planning which this government may now be preparing, it would be wise to conduct its own independent and intensive study of France's experience. Such a study would show that planning is only as good as the politicians make it.

London Diary

CHARON

It looks as if the big détente over Berlin is on. I do not claim to be an inspired prophet for having forecast this a fortnight ago. I was told then that what had happened behind the scenes was, approximately, as follows: Adenauer made demands so extravagant and dangerous that the US could not possibly accede. Adenauer then approached the Russians with hints of neutralism. This leaked back. The US then decided, at last, that a recognition of East Germany was preferable. If this comes off, it can be very easily made to look like a political triumph for both Kennedy and Macmillan. And their names will reasonably be blessed by 2,000 or 3,000 million non-suicidal humans.

I outlined this glowing prospect to a reputedly knowledgeable stockbroker and asked him to comment. He agreed that a general détente was more than likely, but pointed out that some of the effects would be contradictory and unsettling. Although marketwise the immediate reaction could be euphoric, he thought that the longer term effect would be pressure on the dollar and for the revaluation of gold. Indeed, he told me that the Zurich bankers were already preparing to sell the dollar short, and Selwyn Lloyd along with it. The question which

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N.B.

Next week on ITV

Monday October 2 and Wednesday October 4 at 7.30 p.m, **Coronation Street**, the twice-weekly series about ordinary life in an ordinary street in an ordinary northern town. This programme continues to add new addicts. Monday October 2 at 10.30 p.m, **JOHN BERGER** gives the first (of thirteen) 'Drawn from Life' programme. He meets all sorts of people, listens to their stories and then finds world-famous paintings which evoke their experiences. A new approach to pictures and what they can mean for the ordinary man. Wednesday October 4 at 9.35 p.m, **THE GENERAL STRIKE.** In May 1926 the Unions brought their workers out on strike in sympathy with the miners, and there was a paralysis of national industries: the pits, the railways, the printers, the factories and the docks. Three million men came out. Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister, said to Parliament, 'Everything I care for is being smashed at this moment'. Winston Churchill edited the Government paper, The British Gazette. For nine days the country was as near civil war as it had been in this century. The Unions lost, the Government won, but the struggle left scars. Thursday October 5 at 8.30 p.m, **Family Solicitor.** 'Purchase Price'. Another case for Anthony Freeman of the firm of Naylor and Freeman. A family gets into difficulties in selling one house in order to buy another. Thursday October 5 at 9.35 p.m, **THE ROOM,** *the* play by *the* Harold Pinter. Who is the blind negro? Is he really blind? And what does he want with Rose? Thursday October 5 at 10.35 p.m, **What The Papers Say.** Bernard Levin talks (from Blackpool) about the newspapers' handling of the news of the week. Thursday October 5 at 10.50 p.m, **JOSH WHITE SINGS.** American negro work-songs, blues, spirituals and ballads. The third in a series of five (*Northern Region only*). Friday October 6 at 10.30 p.m, **CUBA SI!**, second of the series of programmes on Cuba. The boldest experiment in education ever undertaken, according to Castro, who claims that Cuba, with one and a half million illiterates today, in twelve months expects to have none.

GRANADA TV

worries him most is: can the Kennedy administration face the economic problems that a détente is bound to bring with it? His advice is to think about the companies which are waiting to sell to Russia as soon as the word is given.

* * *

Meanwhile, I learn of a particularly striking démarche – alas posthumous – by Nye Bevan on the obvious need for the recognition of East Germany and for negotiation over the anomalous position of West Berlin. This appears in a film which Jill Craigie made with Nye Bevan after he came back from Russia in September 1959. The intention is to use this film (originally made for the 1959 election campaign but rejected by the Labour Campaign Committee as it did not fit in with the chosen *Tonight* format) to boost the Bevan Memorial Fund. They've just finished editing it at Transport House and I'm glad to hear that one of the TV companies is seriously considering putting it out as a programme. The film is excellent, with Nye more relaxed and fluent than he normally was in front of the TV camera. The views he expresses were, of course, those which he held all the time he was Labour's Shadow Foreign Secretary. I shall be fascinated to see whether the Labour Party has managed to catch up with them at Blackpool next week.

* * *

> A young man about to go up to Oxford recently said to his father: 'What we can't stand on the part of our teachers is that look of cunning uncertainty'. This undignified lack of conviction is getting our juniors down. The implicit hypocrisy arraigned by the young man I have just quoted is painfully obvious in our attitude to sexual knowledge and behaviour. It is even more difficult apparently to be honest about sex than other things. The attitude of adult society seems to insist on this disingenuousness. There seems to be no accepted standard from which we can generalise safely about sex.

This comes from an address by Dr John C. Read, Psychiatric Adviser, London School of Economics. It was part of the proceedings at the conference on student mental health, held in London last Spring, which has now been published by World University Service at 2s. 6d. Dr Leslie Wetherhead and those intransigent puritans who have been weighing in with rubbish about the Neronian morals of British youth would do well to read it.

* * *

At the Zoo, they are being naturally rather cagey about Angus Wilson's new novel. None of the keepers I talked to had read it. One, to whom I outlined its strangely sensational fiery climax, reminded me that nothing can ever be more fantastic than 3 September 1939. This, as I think I have told you, is known in the annals of the Zoological Gardens as Bloody Sunday – when the Chamberlain government, woefully unprepared for war in every other respect, ordered that all venomous reptiles were to be decapitated. 'There', said Head Keeper Budd, now retired, 'we were. Chopping away for hours, slaughtering hundreds and hundreds of pounds worth of valuable reptile. It fair turned me up.' The memory of this awful day never left Budd, who was deeply attached to his charges. Sometimes, when war strain and feeding difficulties were too much for him, he used to go and sit on the back of his charge George, the giant alligator, whom he had been able to save, and meditate in the green artificial-tropical gloaming. No doubt the present government has some equally useful plan for the onset of World War Three.

My own Zoo emergency ukase would be: a Cabinet office for Guy, the gorilla. This magnificent, tragic ape-captive now weighs 29 stone, aged 16. His keepers treat him with veneration tempered with ambivalence. 'Sometimes he'll play and you can give him a slap on the bottom – through the bars of course; we never go into his cage now, not even mob-handed. Other times he goes moody. You never know quite why. Sometimes there's not enough public. Sometimes there's too many or he doesn't like their smell.'

* * *

This week's NS marks the end of an era: 'William Whitebait' is saying farewell to film criticism. 'Whitebait' is one of the countless aliases (others include 'Fanfarlo', author of *Shaving Through the Blitz*, 'Tommy Tadpole', 'A. Plaice', 'B. Sole', 'C. Urchin', Fred Oyster, 'Joseph Gurnard') of G. W. Stonier, the veteran of Great Turnstile. He continues to look so alarmingly young that there are rumours of a portrait of Dorian Stonier in the cellars of the Ganymed Press. Stonier's NS reminiscences go back to the Clifford Sharp era in Great Queen Street. Sharp, whom he describes as a formidably gifted man with not a little of Miss Havisham about him, engaged him as assistant literary editor at £2 a week. For several months Sharp and Stonier ran the paper, Sharp arriving about tea time and Stonier leaving soon after. In 1935, in the Kingsley Martin era, Stonier was assistant literary editor with Raymond Mortimer who, he says, 'upheld an extroverted U-taste in the arts while I was non-U and introvert'. This was the time when the front and the back of the paper were most often compared to the different ends of a pantomime horse. The NEW STATESMAN without Stonier is unthinkable. Himself a one-time slow bowler for Christ Church, he appreciates a change of end. We all look forward to his continued contributions from outside the world of film. And speculate about his opportunities for richer, rarer fishier aliases.

* * *

I've often wondered how undertakers are made. A schoolmaster, whom I encountered in the neighbourhood of the Albert Hall where, as I saw and heard for myself, the ushers' demonstration last week was as militant and vociferous as any I've heard since the first autumn of the Spanish Civil War, told me this strange story about a pupil. The boy, aged about 14, started playing truant. Questioned, he said he had been attending funerals. Whose funerals? they asked, expecting the traditional excuse: 'My Grannie's'. Any funeral, was the answer. He produced a notebook with the particulars, including registration numbers of hearses and comments on the turnout. He showed no particular aptitude. And his imagination, apart from this morbid trend, was inactive .His headmaster most sensibly decided that here was an obvious case of a vocation. He contacted a local undertaker and arranged, with the parents' consent, that the boy should be apprenticed. He entered on his duties with enthusiasm and applied himself most strenuously. Before he was 20 he had contributed a short paper on embalming to an undertakers' journal. As soon as possible he was made a partner. 'And do you know,' said my friend, 'the last time I saw him was at the funeral of his old headmaster. He officiated with superb aplomb.'

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A man walked into the police station at Royston, Hertfordshire, and told Police Constable Victor Cripps that he had something to surrender under the firearms amnesty. He then handed over a small anti-tank gun, four service rifles, 12,000 rounds of ammunition, several live hand grenades and three German booby traps, described as 'fairly dangerous'. – *Guardian.* (C. L. Oon.)

Lady Delacombe, tall, handsome, and forthright, has been First British Lady of the West's shopfront city for the past two and a half years.

'I love it in Berlin,' she said. 'We are all better housed here than we were in the Zone – and we were well enough housed there.

'Gin is only 8s 6d a bottle – or something like that. And even other ranks' wives are permitted a maid.' – *Guardian.* (Betty Winter.)

My son has just passed in seven out of eight GCE subjects, thanks to the telly, which kept him at home studying.

He listened to plays – without watching – while working, and sometimes had the wireless on, too, with pop music accompanying the TV play – *Reynolds News.* (F. Cummins.)

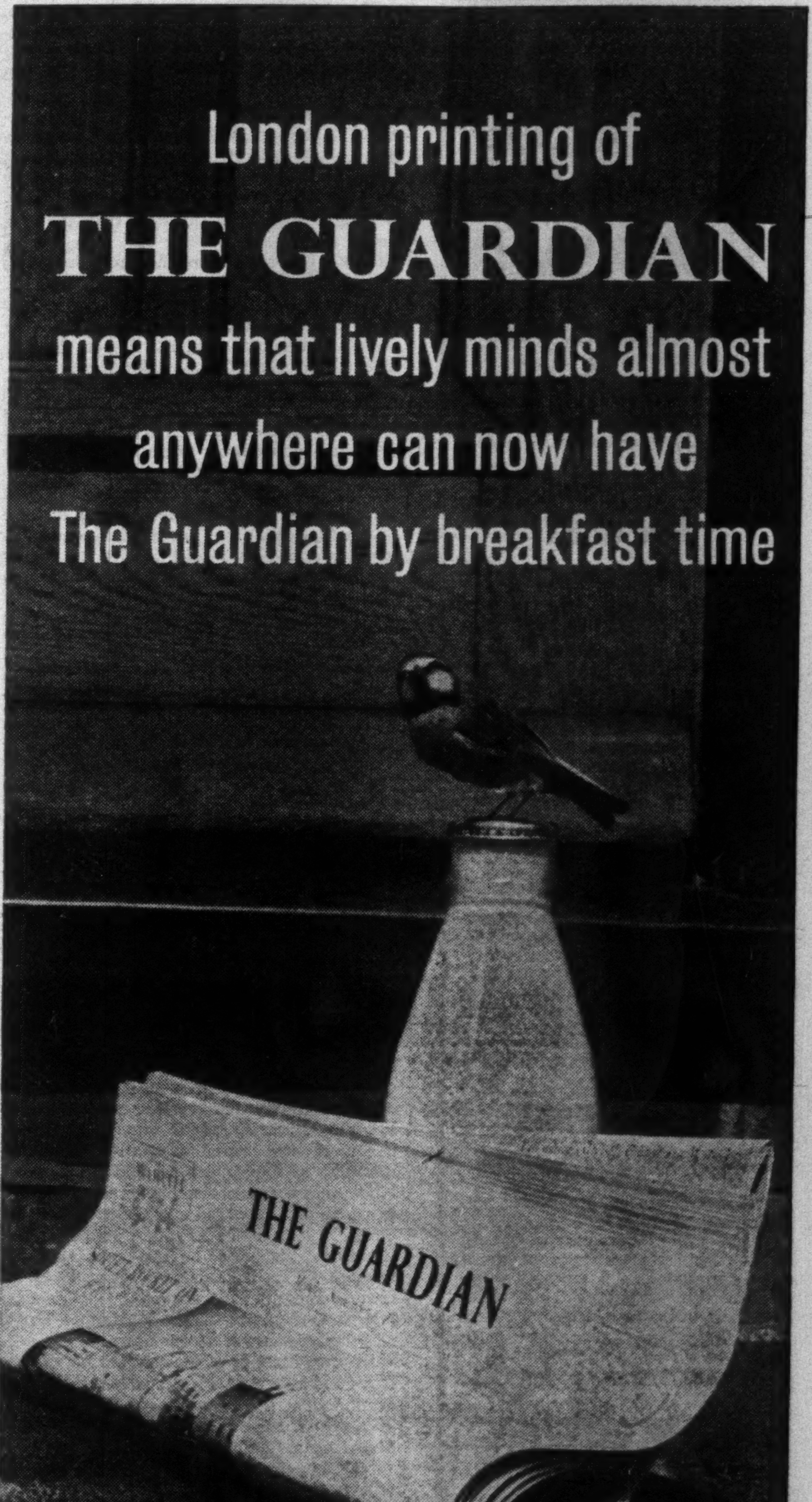
The Queen Mother has set a precedent by employing coloured students as beaters for shoots across the estate at Birkhall, her home near Balmoral. More than 20 students, three of them coloured, have been earning £1 a day – all meals provided – serving her in this way. – *Sunday Express.* (T. S. Pritchard.)

Looking for Teachers

MARY SOUTH

Almost unnoticed except by her colleagues, the graduate spinster of mature years is passing out of the Grammar schools. Twenty years from now she will be only a legend. This is not a sentimental reflection, but an alarming fact; for in girls' Grammar schools, and other secondary schools with 'academic' streams, it is the unmarried women over 35 who head the departments and maintain the academic standards. The younger teachers mostly marry in their twenties and leave before they are 30. There are virtually no new spinsters and, with a surplus of men in the younger population, little prospect of any. Nor is there any surplus of experienced schoolmasters.

Two years ago the Headmistresses' Association determined on a course of action which they thought would probably fill the gap. Having satisfied themselves from a questionnaire circulated among their members that the age distribution on their staffs was in fact what they feared, they planned to fish in the pool of older graduate wives, hoping that even those who had never taught at all might rise to appropriate incentives. It was recognised from the start that success would depend on a readiness to alter the whole traditional pattern of staffing, to accommodate the timetable to domestic obligations and to accept part-time service as normal practice. Many schools had already made such changes; and as long as the dependants of spinsters were given as much consideration as husbands and children of



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teaching wives, it could be done without disharmony.

The first step was to select a sample. Money was short and even with the enthusiastic partnership of the Association of Assistant Mistresses a full-scale sociological investigation was impossible. Experts therefore advised that the inquiry should be confined to the graduate mothers of pupils in the schools represented in the two associations. As it turned out, the sample was very suitable: only ten per cent of the 2,958 married graduates thus located had children under school age and the rest were mostly over 40. These last were the age-group from which it was hoped to draw recruits.

The first stage of the inquiry disclosed that of the 2,958 graduates nearly half were potential recruits: they had degrees in suitable school subjects, no children under five and no outside employment. The rest of the inquiry was directed to this group alone and sought to discover how far teaching appealed and what inducements might bring them into – or back to – the profession. The replies showed that something like three-quarters of these women were attracted by the thought of teaching, that the job itself and not the pay (described as a disincentive by many) was the attraction, and that there was varying anxiety about managing a home (nearly half the whole sample had no domestic help at all) as well as a job. Almost all these women (87 per cent) said that, so far as training for the job was concerned, they would greatly prefer a special short course to the normal one-year in a university department of education; 92 per cent stipulated part-time work.

This whole project (brought now to a final conclusion with a Gulbenkian grant) is seen by the two associations 'as a prelude to practical steps based on the results obtained'. They count on the local authorities to plan some special recruiting and welcome all suitable offers from graduate wives. At present there is no guarantee that applications will even be considered – indeed one mathematics graduate reported that her letter offering her services had not even been acknowledged. They count also on the local education authorities to provide short induction (or refresher) courses on lines similar to those successfully run by the LCC for mathematics, Technical and Primary school teachers. They hope the university departments of education will cooperate with the in-service training. They look for the backing of the Ministry of Education, to whose desperate appeal for the return of Primary school teachers this long-term campaign should be a logical sequel.

A preliminary discussion has just been held with representatives of local authorities and university departments known to be interested, and a conference of all education authorities is in the offing – not merely to discuss the survey, but so that schemes can be initiated in all parts of the country.

This unprecedented operation reveals more than it set out to accomplish. It has shown that at this very moment there are some hundreds of qualified married women ready to teach in secondary schools if employers will go halfway to meet them. But more than that it exhibits the drive and ingenuity of a section of the profession commonly regarded as conservative and conventional; and it supports with statistical evidence the belief that teaching attracts people of mature age.

About half the mothers who were 'interested' in the idea of teaching had never taught. At the older universities most graduating women students choose other professions. But later in life men as well as women often regret that they did not choose teaching. There ought to be opportunities for both sexes to become late entrants.

A Hero of Our Time

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

One of Claud Cockburn's uncles, he is fond of recounting, used, when watering his garden, to climb on to a ladder in order that the water, when it fell, should seem like rain. The episode is highly characteristic of the nephew. It conveys a certain poetic eccentricity, which is none the less capable of a rational explanation and, at the same time, a pleasing sensibility, an awareness that plants, like all other living things, deserved consideration. These qualities provide the key to Cockburn's adventurous life, and to the rare survival, through all its hazards and changes, of an inward integrity and serenity. They qualify him to be regarded, in the Lermontov sense, as an authentic hero of our time.

His own account of himself and his experiences has now been completed with the publication of a third autobiographical volume, *View from the West* (MacGibbon & Kee, 21s). It is a fascinating work. One can now survey him as a whole. From an Oxford fellowship to working for *The Times* in Washington and Berlin; from Printing House Square to King Street and the *Daily Worker,* with the alluring and exciting interlude of the *Week;* from Communist Party membership to withdrawal to Ireland and the long, hard struggle to support his family by writing, with a bout of grave illness to add to his difficulties – such has been his life's course to date.

For someone like Cockburn, who became a Communist, operating for a number of years inside the *apparat,* and then ceased to be one more or less suddenly, the natural assumption is that there must have been a dramatic moment of disillusionment. Some sort of breast-beating act has been confidently expected from him. None has come or ever will come. Anything of the kind would be wholly alien to his disposition.

Cockburn, that is to say, does not fit into the category, common enough in his generation, of the disillusioned Communist. No god failed him because Communism never assumed, in his eyes, a godlike shape. He supported it as a cause wholeheartedly and with characteristic verve; and when it ceased to appeal to him as a cause, he ceased to support it. That was all. It might, in different circumstances, have been a different cause. I can easily imagine him, for instance, throwing himself with enthusiasm into the Crusades, had he lived at that time. Or marching through Georgia. Whatever the cause, however, he would never have been among those who subsequently complained that its true purposes had been obscured and its following betrayed.

To him, a cause is like a love affair whose ecstasy remains valid even when it is over. He loves causes for their own sake alone. I remember once dining with him in Cork and discussing, not at all idolatrously, the then de Valera government. Later in the evening there was to be an election rally, and, both of us having a taste for such occasions, we strolled out to have a look at it. Cockburn soon elbowed his way to the front of the crowd and by the time de Valera appeared he was leading the cheering. Though I suppose there must be few subjects on which he and de Valera would find themselves in agreement, I could see the bond between them – both so tall, and with the sweetly severe expression of loving men who have found it necessary to hate. Maurice Richardson, with his aptitude for calling everything and everyone by the correct name, always refers to Cockburn as 'the *Chevalier*'. It suits him better than Comrade.

This is not at all to suggest that Cockburn will throw himself into any old cause. Quite the contrary. A cause, to appeal to him, must seem to be on the side of the weak and against the strong, and on the side of life and against death. Communism appeared to him to be such a cause, and as such he espoused it. It was, of course, an over-simplification and ultimately a delusion. The mighty had been put down from their seats, certainly, and the humble and meek exalted; but, through their exaltation, the humble and meek had become in their turn fit to be put down.

A death-seeking and obscurantist regime had indeed been gloriously destroyed, but only to be replaced by another of a like nature. Revolutions cannot afford to succeed or even to stop. If they do, there is always a Cromwell or a Bonaparte or a Stalin waiting to take them over. Unfortunately they have a way of really revolving – that is, of ending where they began.

The inveterate contemporary habit of thinking in terms of categories makes it difficult, in the existing mental climate, to understand someone like Cockburn or to make sense of his account of himself. A 20th-century man is expected to fit into a particular category and to vote the ticket that goes therewith. He is on the left, which means that he supports the Kremlin against the Pentagon; that he upholds birth control, abstract art, Mr Nehru, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and the Wolfenden Report, and abhors Kipling, Pope John, de Gaulle, and the American Way of Life. Or he is on the right, in which case *vice versa*.

Any variation in these rigidly adumbrated loyalties and abhorrences causes confusion and rage. One realises how they dominate people's minds if one happens to take a position which cuts across them. From one side come accusations of being a Communist, a Jew and a homosexual; from the other of being a Fascist, and an advocate of apartheid, flogging and capital punishment, quite irrespective of whether any of these matters are at issue.

Cockburn is a case in point. He has been a devoted Communist, but he happens also to adore America. He has, likewise, the happiest memories of living in Germany. Though a revolutionary by instinct, the temper of his mind is in many ways intensely conservative. He venerates de Gaulle and abominates Herbert Morrison; he is more often seen reading P. G. Wodehouse than Karl Marx. If he ever voted Labour, it must have been with a heavy heart. His social origins are upper middle-class, and he takes great pride in his ancestry, particularly in his great-grandfather, Lord Cockburn, a legal luminary in Edinburgh, whose *Memorials of His Time* remains one of his great-grandson's favourite books. Carlyle, I see from the

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Home and Fashion in America

Ernestine Carter, who is in charge of The Sunday Times 'Mainly for Women' pages, is in New York in search of new ideas in living: fashion, furnishing and home equipment—especially kitchens. Her report this Sunday is of wide interest because of the influence of American ideas on British trends and tastes.

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Dictionary of National Biography, described this Lord Cockburn as 'a bright, cheery-voiced, hazel-eyed man; a Scotch dialect with plenty of good logic in it, and of practical sagacity; veracious, too. A gentleman, I should say, and perfectly in the Scotch type, perhaps the very last of that peculiar species'. As it turned out, not the last.

It is a great source of satisfaction to Cockburn that, at almost the same time, in Washington he appeared on a list drawn up by the later Senator McCarthy of the 269 most dangerous Reds in the world; and in Prague one of the unhappy victims of a Communist Party purge 'confessed' that he had transactions with a certain Colonel Cockburn of the British Intelligence Service. On judgment day, I suspect, credentials of this sort will be required of all of us. If so, Cockburn will be well placed.

It is, of course, as a journalist that Cockburn is best known. His skill in this ribald trade is outstanding, and anyone intending to follow it should study all his observations upon it. It is true that his guidance would not fit a prospective journalist to work on the *Daily Express*, or indeed on any extant newspaper except perhaps the *Canard Enchainé*. It would simply enable him to become a good journalist. In *View from the West* Cockburn divertingly describes his transactions with the now defunct Hulton Press, that *pons asinorum* of contemporary journalism. The two publications he worked for were Dead Souls and never appeared, but Cockburn, I am happy to think, benefited financially. Surveying the capital gains which Sir Edward Hulton's idiosyncratic methods have subsequently earned him in the takeover stakes, Cockburn, like Clive, may marvel at his moderation.

On *Punch* he was my very present help in time of trouble. He is a humorous writer of rare distinction, and his appearances in that place of shadows gave pleasure to one and all, especially to me. His account of our collaboration is so generously and affectionately expressed that it is difficult for me to comment on it. Some seek to laugh off the asperities of life, finding in the absurdity of its minor misfortunes a means of evading its larger ones. Others, like Cockburn, see in life's inherent absurdity an image of its mystery and grandeur. Clowns are the poets of humour, wits its engineers. Cockburn is a clown, with a clown's serious, watchful eyes set in a wide expanse of face.

Like all imaginative and sensitive people, Cockburn tends to lurk in a *maquis* of his own devising. In this third autobiographical volume, more than in the other two, he emerges into the open. There is more of himself in it. His experiences and reflections while a tubercular patient in an Irish sanatorium are, not more seriously, but more profoundly conveyed than his account of his political and journalistic escapades in *In Time of Trouble* and *Crossing the Line*. He was very ill indeed and at one point, not unreasonably, became convinced that he would shortly die. I went to see him at the sanatorium. It was a weird place, constructed almost entirely of glass. One could look along and see all the patients in their cubicles, like endlessly repeated images in a mirror. The sanatorium was excellently equipped as a result of the Irish Sweep. 'Buy a ticket and get comforts for Claud' would be, Cockburn suggested, a good new selling point.

He was assiduously reading Harnack's nine-volume *History of Dogma*, a work which recommended itself to him because of its enormous length. And anyway, he writes, 'any great and good book, regardless of its subject matter, must have something of the effect of the solid walls of a racquets court – it sets the mind bouncing.' Cockburn's mind was bouncing as ever. Beside his bed was a dictaphone, by means of which he still managed to engage in gainful employment. He was even able to offer a drop of refreshment from a bottle discreetly ranged with others containing more orthodox medicine. Misfortunes, to him, are always blessings in disguise. This one's disguise was rather deep, but he managed to penetrate it. The other patients were assiduous visitors to his glass cubicle and eagerly partook of his equanimity and conversational flow. His popularity had a trifling and temporary set-back when, by a process of reasoning, he won the sweepstake on who would be the new Pope. It was felt that a Protestant with free-thinking proclivities should not have succeeded in this particular field.

Leftists in our sort of society (using the term to signify all who feel instinctively on the side of change, as distinct from upholders of the *status quo*) fall into two categories – the failed revolutionary and the failed saint. They are ghosts of those shot on the barricades or of those burnt at the stake. Curiously enough, Cockburn, though of all his kind the nearest to having been a practising revolutionary, belongs, in my opinion, to the latter category. He loves action for its excitement rather than for its purpose. His approach is mystical rather than ideological. For power he has no appetite and for love an insatiable need, which his stout-hearted and enchanting wife, Patricia, and his three delightful sons have abundantly provided. He looks for the meaning rather than the outcome and never wastes his hopes on earthly paradises, those fatuous mirages of the lost. Life itself is a blessing, not even in disguise.

Correspondence

THE POLICE AT MIDNIGHT

SIR, – I was especially interested to read Mr Adam Roberts' account of the police treatment which he received during the Committee of 100's demonstration at Trafalgar Square, since I can vouch from personal experience that the type of incident he describes was not an isolated one.

I spent the week-end before last in the country and returned late on Sunday night by rail. Since the last underground train had already gone by the time I got into London, I decided, as I had occasionally done in the past, to catch a No 11 bus, and I arrived at the bus stop just outside Charing Cross Station at about twenty-past midnight. At this stage the police were obviously endeavouring to clear Trafalgar Square and the nearby streets, and an Inspector approached me after I had been standing at the stop for a minute or two, and told me that I must move off down the Strand in the direction of the Aldwych. I explained that I was waiting for a No 11 bus which was my sole means of public transport home and that the last one, due at half-past twelve, should be arriving in less than five minutes. The Inspector did not reply, but walked off in silence so that I concluded he had no objection to my waiting there. But after a short interval I was suddenly surrounded by about 20 policemen, dragged away from the bus stop and forced down to my kness on the pavement.

Though I had been taken entirely by surprise, my mackintosh, umbrella and briefcase fortunately acted as good protection against some of the punches and kicks aimed at me, but my jacket was torn and I received a number of blows on the neck and shoulders. During all this time I repeatedly shouted out that I was neither a demonstrator nor an onlooker, that I had just arrived in London and was waiting to catch my last bus home. No one took the least notice of what I said and I was marched off in the direction of Trafalgar Square towards a group of people already arrested by the police. But before we had reached this group my bus came into sight and, determined to make a final attempt to free myself, I pointed it out to the two policemen who were holding my arms and demanded that I should be allowed to get on it. For a moment they appeared undecided, then I was pushed down on the opposite pavement and told that if I didn't get out of their sight at once I would spend the night in gaol.

MICHAEL HOLROYD

London SW3

SIR, – I have read Adam Roberts' article in this week's issue, and as the wife of a police officer, I am deeply concerned. If Mr Roberts' article is the plain unvarnished truth, then surely he must do something about it, as this state of affairs cannot be allowed in a country which places a high value on liberty.

If, however, it is untrue, even in part, then it constitutes a grave libel on the conduct of the police who cannot write to you to defend themselves.

I hold no brief for the anti-bomb brigade, although as the mother of three sons I am very deeply concerned with all the aspects of nuclear armament and continue to search my conscience for the right line to take. To paraphrase Voltaire's hackneyed comment, although not agreeing with what the Committee of 100 do, I think they should be allowed to voice their opinions such as we all can.

No doubt there are many of similar opinion among the police force, who however have an extremely difficult task to perform in very trying conditions; but they, I am sure, would be among the first to agree that conduct such as described in the article is quite inexcusable.

For the sake of the many men last Sunday who gave up their leave day and spent many hours of overtime, with no pay – a policeman, of course, is never off duty – in drizzling rain, doing a job that the majority of us would not have at any price, let us get to the bottom of this and find what the truth is.

HAZEL A. BRYAN

53 Longford Close
Hampton Hill
Middlesex

SIR, – After reading Mr Adam Roberts' horrifying account of his treatment at the hands of the police after the great demonstration of the 27th, may I be allowed as a fellow demonstrator to record my own experiences, which were rather different – I was not arrested.

At midnight considerable re-positioning ensued as the majority of demonstrators quietly left the square. Those remaining moved round to the front of the column and we organised ourselves for the night. After about five minutes the police moved in. I was on the outside of the crowd and was unable to see in any detail what was happening at the front. I understood that no arrests were to be made as I heard an officer order his men to 'Just dump them at the top of the steps'. A few policemen came round the outside of the crowd towards my section; my particular constable grabbed me under the armpits, jerked me to my feet and pointed me in the direction of the steps at the rear of the Square and then ordered me to 'Get on out of it'. I did so. I observed several demonstrators carried and dragged up the steps and dumped. As I turned to observe the scene in the square a policeman tapped me on the shoulder and told me to keep moving.

I cannot therefore state from my own handling, or any handling that I saw, that the

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police as a whole were unnecessarily brutal after midnight as one might infer from Mr Roberts' account or in particular the phrase ' . . . moved in on us with extraordinary violence . . . '

Before condemning police action in the Square completely, I think it imperative to build up a complete picture. Was my experience or that of Mr Roberts generally true in the Square? Was he the only demonstrator to be beaten up at Bow Street? Was this an isolated incident or were similar scenes enacted at other police-stations?

THOMAS BELL

Woodside
Seer Green
Bucks

SIR, – Doubtless like all the rest of your readers who consider themselves reasonably civilised, I was horrified to read of the treatment allegedly meted out by the police to nuclear disarmer Adam Roberts as described in last week's NEW STATESMAN. It sounded very similar to the well-known methods of Franco's fascist police – except that the *guardia civil* don't usually have hard-faced, ignorant policewomen viciously urging them on.

Tiredness or impatience on the part of the police cannot excuse this savage sort of conduct. Whilst the difficulty of obtaining witnesses, as well as the probable police-wise bias of any magistrate, is obvious in this case, it does seem to me that Mr Roberts should at least make the gesture of suing the police. There were other demonstrators present in the early stages, who could be called. I, for one, would be very pleased to contribute my mite to a fund which should be organised to pay his expenses.

JOHN STEVENSON

10 The Avenue
NW6

ANTI-BOMB CAMPAIGN

SIR, – Charon derides the man who is concerned about horses and doggies being hurt by H-bombs, but the question goes deeper than that. Here, 11 miles from Liverpool and 25 from Manchester, we might survive a bomb on either town if we had shelters we could get into quickly enough. But imagine coming out of these shelters into a silence in which my garden robin, who has cheered me enormously the last two weeks, no longer sang because, without shelter, he was dead. Here, on the edge of the industrial belt, we have larks, thrushes, blackbirds, owls, swallows, cuckoos, magpies, partridges, swans, herons, gulls and a great many hares to relieve the ugliness. All these would perish.

Rupert Birkin, talking to Ursula Brangwen, said he would like to see humanity wiped out: 'You yourself, don't you find it a lovely thought – a world empty of people? Nothing but green grass, and just a hare sitting up?' The terrible thing is that even Lawrence didn't go so far as to visualise a world in which the hares were dead. Perhaps, of course, the hares from outside the area would eventually repopulate it – but all the same, the thought of all those animals and birds innocently dying is horrible.

MARY MCLEAN

7 Lilac Grove
Billinge
Wigan

SIR, – As Charon says, it is 'always difficult to judge the effect of these demonstrations', but if the money, energy, and courageous self-sacrifice expended in anti-H-bomb marches, sit downs and acceptance of imprisonment had been devoted to contesting the 1959 general election and by-elections with anti-war candidates, by now we might have had the Tories on the run.

If sit-down demonstrations are 'designed to embarrass the government, to cause Mr Macmillan to resign and to cause a General Election', as a Committee of 100 leader, George Clark, is alleged to have said (*Guardian*, 13 September), anti-war candidates are all the more vital. What is the use of replacing Mr Macmillan by a Gaitskell pledged to fight for Berlin and ready to use H-bombs? A general election is only of use to the anti-war cause if anti-war candidates oppose it. Yet I understand that so far the Committee of 100 oppose such electioneering.

Let all who oppose war in all circumstances raise funds to see that at each by-election a candidate from such anti-war parties as the Fellowship Party and the ILP, or any other anti-war candidate pledged to vote in the Commons against all weapons and all war, is nominated. During the war a small Common Wealth Party several times defeated candidates backed by the coalition government. To prevent the final war, let us follow that example now and, in the polling booth, defeat the frightened men who have the power under a medieval act to imprison a man of 89, but lack the power and sanity to establish a peaceful world in which our children may grow to manhood and womanhood.

RONALD S. MALLONE

141 Woolacombe Road
SE3

SIR, – I agree with Victor Gollancz. But his letter is too short. He allows opponents their dilemma, but goes with them into only one alternative, that of nuclear war. The other alternative, Soviet domination of Britain, he doesn't analyse. Yet we must speak about this as well.

The bears will leave their forests? The Russians swarm into England? So what? Our cities remain habitable and our children unmutilated. In ten years or so we shall have got rid of the homesick invaders just as the Indians and Cypriots regained their independence, with civil disobedience, underground newspapers, stolen rifles and all the idea weapons of ridicule and ostracism.

The Russians set up puppet rulers and nationalise all land, buildings, vehicles, ships and materials? Again we remain healthy. And again as the years pass the government will be assimilated by the people, with the material fabric of cities and property still there intact for resale if needs be into private hands.

Slavery under occupation? Yes, perhaps, if men can still be slaves in this close world, but with freedom coming back, as freedom always comes back, sidelong, pressing against unworkable oppression and injustice, and aided by martyrs, thug patriots, and a million massed and isolated protests.

I too, like Victor Gollancz, believe there is a third way, and fourth, fifth and sixth. But people who feel we face a dilemma should ask themselves which of the two ways gives them more chance to fight for and preserve the flesh, blood, bricks, mortar, science and art of this island.

STUART MITCHEL

Herbrand Hotel, WC1

THE RIGHT TO CRITICISE

SIR, – The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen, feels entitled to rebuke Prime Minister Nehru because the Lord Mayor thinks that as a Freeman of London Mr Nehru comes under the Lord Mayor's disciplinary jurisdiction. Would the Lord Mayor deny, as he seems to, the right of a Freeman of London to comment upon and criticise what goes on in London particularly and in the UK in general? If being a Freeman of London does not give Mr Nehru the right to comment upon happenings in London, the Lord Mayor's disciplinary jurisdiction cannot be logically extended to him.

If the Commonwealth is a family, has not Mr Nehru, a fairly senior representative of the Commonwealth, the right to comment upon the doings of the family members?

Mr Nehru had praised the Russell campaign and only by implication, it might be argued, he had criticised the British government's action in arresting Earl Russell and his followers. Does that amount to interference in the internal affairs of Great Britain? If it does, what about responsible British leaders and the British press? By the same logic, they have by criticising the resumption of nuclear tests by Russia – unlike Britain, entirely within its territory – interfered in the internal affairs of the Soviet Union.

The Russell Campaign is of far wider import than the Lord Mayor seems to think. It cannot be dismissed as merely a local affair. Perhaps the Lord Mayor fails to realise the world-wide significance of the Russell campaign. What a pity!

ISH CHANDRA

132 Batashan Street
Delhi

It is not generally understood overseas that no importance need be – or is in Britain – attached to remarks by the Lord Mayor of London. His office is a largely ceremonial one, the principal qualification for which is commercial wealth. The Lord Mayor is appointed to his office by what is virtually a private cabal of City businessmen and has as much political significance as the Jack of Diamonds.

RSPCA AND HUNTING

SIR, – I am the photographer referred to by Critic, and it was not without considerable interest that I read in the NEW STATESMAN his remarks concerning stag-hunting, and the reply by Mr T. Hall, Chief Secretary of the RSPCA.

Mr Hall explained how a bill outlawing the hunting of wild deer was presented to parliament in the past, but he failed to state how he expects his society to support this bill in the future.

The Council of the Society, in order to gain support for their foxhunting policy, lost faith in their noble cause by leaning heavily on the members of the British Field Sports Society in order to defeat the enlightened 'rebels'.

No doubt, when the Protection of Deer Bill is presented to parliament again, the ladies and gentlemen of the British Field Sports Society will not unnaturally support their own society (which states as one of its aims: 'to oppose any bill introduced into parliament aimed at the suppression of, or injurious to, any form of field sports') and will expect from the RSPCA some loyalty in return for its support of the present Council. Thus the price of this unholy alliance will have to be paid in the blood and suffering of all wild creatures hunted for 'sport'. A terrible price indeed for the Society which set out 137 years ago with such just and honourable aims.

RAYMOND F. ROWLEY

141 Cranley Gardens, N10

SIR, – With all due respect to the admirable work done by the RSPCA in many fields, it is conniving, by its present attitude towards hunting, in the preservation (as opposed to the prevention) of large scale cruelty. I submit that the £1,000 reward referred to by Mr Hall is no more than a smokescreen to cover up the Society's attitude towards hunting, since anyone prepared to adopt the method I advocated in your issue of 23 June could claim this money.

I would like to inquire if Mr Hall has made equally 'careful inquiry' into the enormous number of artificial earths used by the great majority of hunts for the preservation of foxes. The construction and maintenance of artificial earths was undoubtedly uppermost in the mind of the late Lord Halifax when he wrote an article in the *Field* (shortly before his death) in which he stated that foxes would virtually disappear if foxhunting were to be abolished.

I would also like to know whether, in condemning foxhunting as a sport, the RSPCA is advocating the prohibition of all hunt followers other than the hunt staffs?

ROBERT CHURCHWARD

Stokefleming
Devon.

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AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

Bad-Hearted Britain

V. S. PRITCHETT

On the irritable professional classes Angus Wilson is our undoubted authority. In his new novel* they are working in a Zoo where *homo sapiens* turns out to be more troublesome than the animals. Elephants have no careers; parrots scream but do not make speeches; a man may look like a secretary bird, but this creature does not use a poison pen. But think what a charge of significance Mr Wilson's humans have to bear.

They have to endure an anthropologist's stare at their class customs and their shabby habitat. They have also to face the concern of a moralist who tests them for moral wastage, cross-questions them on integrity and warns them that they are fussing in a backwater of civilisation. As a psychologist, he will raise all the worries of the organisation man, while he watches public affairs eat their way into private life. In the middle of the struggle for power in the director's office or in the precarious consolations of the marriage bed, politics, home and international, intervene, war prospects blow hot and cold.

On top of this, these characters have to be at once real, in the sense of realism, and yet take a step into fantasy and live in 1970. A lot of Mr Wilson's own vitality as a writer will have to be injected into them if they are not going to be flattened into the indistinguishable figures of a tract. The injection works fitfully. Mr Wilson's sense of commitment has made him attempt too much and the pieces of his realism and fantasy are like the teasing pieces of a jigsaw that do not fit together. One is left with a sense of strain and indeed under it his people live in a monotonous state of exasperation and hysteria.

To say this about a book as intelligent as *The Old Men at the Zoo* is hard. Especially when one is not only in complete agreement with his criticisms of the state of Britain and his guess about the future; but also when one sees that he has both serious and devastating insights into what happens to human beings in their bewildered struggle with their overload of group ethos or status-seeking. The real trouble is that Mr Wilson has more drive than style and it is precisely here that Wells and Orwell, in not so very dissimilar blends of realism and fantasy, leave the more intense man grounded.

Mr Wilson is an ambitious architect. His scheme is deep and amusing and in taking the London Zoo as his scene and the Directors and Fellows as his people he has found telling symbols for the 'British way'. By 1970 Great Britain has chosen political isolation. A Russo-American pact has imposed a nervous peace on the world, Europe has become federated, and having refused to join, Britain is going through the usual masochistic course of cuts and economic crises. The danger is that a strong United Europe may not stand for our isolation; and, sure enough, at the end of the book war breaks out, a few nuclear bombs fall and destroy a large part of the country. (Who drops the bombs is unclear to me; the war is, quite rightly, I think, made very sketchy.) Britain surrenders.

Unfortunately the novel takes a long time arriving at these dramatic last chapters. We begin with a struggle for power between Leacock, the aging but ambitious director of the Zoo, who has got a press lord and politician (Lord Godmanchester) to support a grandiose scheme for a National Zoological Reserve in the West Country, and Falcon, the No. 2 man who is dead against. He wants a romantic, Victorian-Revival Zoo in Regents Park. Around these are grouped a number of fanatical curators; and beyond lie things more serious and more sinister. Leacock wants to crown his career with an epoch-making achievement: under proper controls, the public will be able to go to the West Country as if to Africa and India to see their favourite animals living in the 'wild' state. Godmanchester backs him, first because he is old, rich, out of power and wants a hobby; secondly because he believes there is going to be a war and the scheme is really one of discreet evacuation and will eventually leak out as part of the press stunt and war scare that will get him back into the Cabinet as Prime Minister. Falcon, who is an explorer-scientist, doesn't care a damn about war scares and secretly hankers after a *Gotterdämmerung*.

Three other figures stand out: Englander, a sardonic and intelligent pro-European who has contempt for the cheese-paring way in which the Zoo is run and regards it as a characteristic British piece of mustiness and seediness; Beard, a scientist with a family life which is unspeakably miserable and about which he will do nothing, who is more concerned about an elephant with a minor skin disease than he is about human misfortune; and finally Simon, the narrator.

Simon is a testy fellow, seconded from the Treasury, relentlessly just, a minute observer of all the ups-and-downs of office intrigue, and rather exhaustive about what a lovely time he and his wife have in bed, as though he were working out bowling averages. (Her thighs are often mentioned: the thigh seems to me to have had rather a long innings in the erotic passages of English fiction.) Simon is the conscience of the tale.

The National Reserve is started; the animals arrive. Simon goes badger-watching one evening and there has to put up with an embarrassing sexual assault by Leacock's delinquent daughter. Harriet is a real character, one strong and terrible enough to stand up against the more or less respectable, worried scientists and administrators whom Mr Wilson has so far given us. Here, I thought at last, is the central idea – you put wild animals in the Zoo, preserve them, study them. What do you do with your wild human beings? But Harriet has only a short run for she is, apparently, sexually attacked and killed by her Alsatian dog, and this scene of horror brings the National Reserve section of the novel to an end. It is by far the best and contains some of the best comedy. The scene in which Lord Godmanchester's wife has negligent talk with the naive Mrs Leacock about the Godmanchester collection of pictures is perfect.

Two distinct modes fail to join in this novel; too many preoccupations have distracted the novelist. One subject I have hardly mentioned, and for Mr Wilson it may seem the most important. The title certainly suggests as much. Mr Wilson is seriously interested in what happens to men in late middle age who attempt one more burst of creative power. Their intentions may be admirable, their minds liberal, but megalomania is round the corner. The coronary approaches. The impulse may often spring from a desire to correct past failures or to get a reward unjustly withheld for a life time. The robust and ruthless Englander would say of Leacock, Falcon and Beard: 'Poor devils. They are conscientious. They have integrity as scientists. But the isolated England of 1970 is mean and small-minded. It hasn't the imagination to run a Zoo on generous lines; it grossly underpays the clever. Can you wonder that the chance of catching the public eye with something vulgarly spectacular gets into them.' Mr Wilson hates the bad heart of England.

After the exit of the obscene Harriet, we are back into the zoological bickerings and the Zoo itself begins to look forced as a symbol. The fact is that Mr Wilson sticks to his ambitious design rather grimly. His habits as a realist are at war with his fantastic invention. How much one wishes that he had struck the fantastic note – as Orwell did in *1984* – from the beginning, and to hell with Simon and his wife, their sex life and their domestic worries about the coming war. It is, for example, a very good idea that Falcon should get his Victorian chichi Zoo on the day the Uni-Europeans burst in on this stuttering society. It is a good idea – from the point of view of fantasy – that, after the defeat, there should be a sort of British neo-Fascist movement and that one of their notions is to open a sort of Colosseum in Regents Park in which prisoners are thrown

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**The Old Men at the Zoo*. Secker & Warburg. 18s.*

to the beasts. And that there should also be a concentration camp for turning recalcitrant Britains into citizens of the Federation. But these 'workable little things', as Henry James would say, are not workable at all when they are interleaved with Mr Wilson's daily round.

Two Poems by Theodore Roethke

The Tree, the Bird

Uprose, uprose, the stony fields uprose,
And every snail dipped toward me its pure horn.
The sweet light met me as I walked toward
A small voice calling from a drifting cloud.
I was a finger pointing at the moon,
At ease with joy, a self-enchanted man.
Yet when I sighed, I stood outside my life,
A leaf unaltered by the midnight scene,
Part of a tree still dark, still, deathly still,
Riding the air, a willow with its kind,
Bearing its life and more, a double sound,
Kin to the wind, and the bleak whistling rain.

The willow with its bird grew loud, grew louder still.
I could not bear its song, that altering
With every shift of air, those beating wings,
The lonely buzz behind my midnight eyes –
How deep the mother-root of that still cry!

The present falls, the present falls away;
How pure the motion of the rising day,
The white sea widening on a farther shore.
The bird, the beating bird, extending wings –
Thus I endure this last pure stretch of joy,
The dire dimension of a final thing.

The Lizard

He too has eaten well –
I can see that by the distended pulsing middle;
And his world and mine are the same,
The Mediterranean sun shining on us, equally,
His head, stiff as a scarab, turned to one side,
His right eye staring straight at me,
One leaf-like foot hung laxly
Over the worn curb of the terrace,
The tail straight as an awl,
Then suddenly flung up and over,
Ending curled around and over again,
A thread-like firmness.

(Would a cigarette disturb him?)

At the first scratch of the match
He turns his head slightly,
Retiring to nudge his neck half-way under
A dried strawberry leaf,
His tail grey with the ground now,
One round eye still toward me.
A white cabbage-butterfly drifts in,
Bumbling up and around the bamboo wind-break;
But the eye of the tiny lizard stays with me.
One greenish lid lifts a bit higher,
Then slides down over the eye's surface,
Rising again, slowly,
Opening, closing.

To whom does this terrace belong –
With its limestone crumbling into fine greyish dust,
Its bevy of bees, and its wind-beaten rickety sun-chairs?
Not to me, but this lizard,
Older than I, or the cockroach.

Cloud of Words

Hitlers Zweites Buch. Ein Dokument aus dem Jahr 1928. Edited by GERHARD L. WEINBERG. *Deutsche-Verlags Anstalt. DM.* 19.80.

In May 1928 there was a general election in Germany. The National Socialists did badly. They won only 12 seats out of 491. The party was discouraged and in bad shape financially. Germany was prosperous; there was nothing to be made out of economic grievances. Hitler therefore campaigned exclusively against Stresemann's foreign policy, arguing that Germany could never recover her independence and greatness so long as she tried to be on good terms with France. His immediate solution was alliance with Italy, for which he probably had the practical motive also that Mussolini was subsidising the Nazi party. As a result, Hitler criticised the other parties for making a fuss about the Germans in South Tyrol; and this helped to lose votes for the Nazis. Shortly after the election, in June or July, Hitler dictated a book on foreign policy to his publisher Max Amann. We do not know why. Perhaps he wished to justify the line which he had taken during the election; perhaps he was wound up by much speaking and could not stop. At any rate the book was composed. It was never published. Again we do not know why. Probably, as Professor Weinberg of Ann Arbor, the present editor, conjectures, Amann objected that he had already one slow-seller on his hands in *Mein Kampf*, and did not want another. Soon it became out of date in many details, and Hitler was too busy to revise it. The typescript remained in Amann's cellars until 1945, when it passed into American hands. It was then lost sight of until finally rescued by Professor Weinberg. Even now the book ventures shamefacedly into the light of day. The edition is limited to 5,000 copies. The book is not on sale to the general public, but only to reputable scholars. Any profits, presumably small, will go to the victims of National Socialist persecution.

It is difficult to understand what those in charge of the book are so frightened of. Nearly all of it can be found in Hitler's contemporary speeches and in *Mein Kampf*. The only novelty is the assertion that, once Germany is again a great power, Europe under her leadership will then be able 'to stand up to' the United States; and this is not made much of. Otherwise the book covers the old themes with the old mixture of amateur philosopher and polemical politician. As a philosopher of history, Hitler is not bad. He is easier to read than Jaspers and more sensible than Spengler. Of course, as with all such system-makers, there is no real grasp of history, or sympathy with the past. The system is imposed on the past; and the dogmas are true primarily because the writer says they are.

The dogmas, however, are not all that outrageous. Most past history, for example, is the record of conflicts between states exactly as Hitler said; and states establish their domination over others for their own advantage, not for the good of the conquered. Even *Lebensraum*, living space, is not so absurd as is often held. Many reputable biologists hold that we are living in a freak period of abundant food supplies and that we shall be back at the law of the jungle, fighting for survival, before the end of the century. None of this is much guide to immediate action. *Lebensraum* is dream stuff about the future; it was not urgent for the Germans in 1928. Hitler's solution is dream stuff also. It is simply 'the East'. This is never developed or explained. He refers vaguely to the 'thinly populated lands', and once to 'the eastern shores of the Baltic' – a very odd choice. Similar rhetoric about the British empire can be discovered in the writings of Seeley or the speeches of Joseph Chamberlain. Perhaps this is why Neville Chamberlain did not take alarm earlier: he must have heard it all years before at Highbury.

Halfway through the book Hitler changes gear and discusses the more practical problem, common to all Germans – how Germany was to become an independent great power again. His prime object, of course, was to discredit Stresemann's foreign policy. Therefore he insists that nothing can be gained from friendship with France. She will always remain the implacable enemy of Germany. Where are allies to be found against her? Hitler rejects Russia, but not because he is intending to grab her territory. The objections are purely tactical. Russia is not strong enough; alliance with her would unite all the rest of the world against Germany; Germany would be the hostage of Russia and would carry all the burden of a war, for which she was not prepared. England is his favourite country. He remarks, shrewdly enough, that England in the past has maintained the balance of power in Europe mainly as security for her Empire overseas; and therefore concludes that she will not resist a European power which has no overseas ambitions. In fact, if there is any practical lesson to be drawn from this book, it is that alliance with England was the keystone of Hitler's foreign policy. The immediate need in 1928, however, was to justify alliance with Italy, so that Mussolini's money would continue to roll in. Hence the last part of the book points to the antagonism between France and Italy in the Mediterranean, and recounts the advantages which the Germans can get from this, if only they have sense enough to keep quiet about South Tyrol.

Everyone who reads this book will be confirmed in his own version of Hitler. Those who believe that Hitler had a deep-laid and coherent plan for winning livingspace in the east will find their belief strengthened; while others will continue to think that this philosophising had no more practical conclusion, and was not meant to have any more practical conclusion, than other systems of history. It was the clap-trap of every German beer-cellar; and Hitler had the common man's philosophy writ large. Some will find Hitler peculiarly wicked in his doctrines of foreign policy. Others may think that most statesmen repudiate these doctrines in theory and act upon them in practice, though, of course, it was wicked of Hitler, by contemporary standards, to cast Germany as top nation instead of Soviet Russia or the United States. My own impression is that Hitler was a voluble corporal, but I may be wrong. As a practical operation, the book is quite an achievement. Its cloud of words was designed to obscure the fact that Hitler was selling out on the Germans of South Tyrol; and it does this so successfully that he ends up as the finest nationalist of all Germans, at any rate in his own mind. Mussolini got value for money.

The book does not much illuminate the course of Hitler's foreign policy once he came to power. He developed the alliance with Italy, though not without setbacks. Otherwise he disregarded most of his own advice. He made no preparations for war against Soviet Russia. He took advantage of events just like

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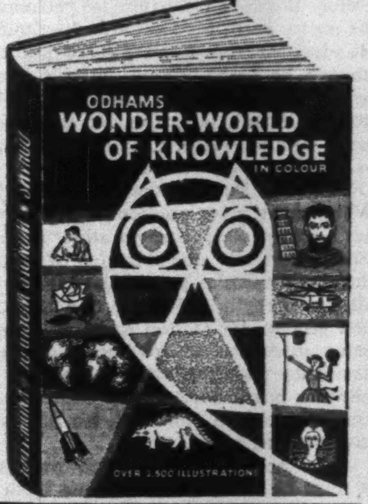

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A. J. P. TAYLOR

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D. H. Lawrence. By ANTHONY BEAL. *Oliver & Boyd. 3s. 6d.*

The Pelican Guide to English Literature. Vol. 7: The Modern Age. Edited by BORIS FORD. *7s. 6d.*

Geoffrey Dutton's *Whitman* is a vigorous introductory sketch, straightforward, anecdotal, a bit breezy, but written out of real feeling for the poet and not merely to save people the trouble of reading him. He isn't blind to Whitman's enormous faults, but he's more interested in discussing his virtues, which are on the same scale; he warms to Whitman's personality, and relishes the absurdities. He's sensible about the sexual kink, and although he can be quite dry about Whitman the fresh-air fiend and the Yankee orator, there's no attempt to patronise. On the poetry itself, Mr Dutton is discriminating. He's learned from Randall Jarrell's fine essay (though he hasn't always Jarrell's knack of seizing on the apt quotation), and he knows that Whitman's language, far from being a great gush of rhetoric, can be as muscular as Hopkins's or as outlandish as Emily Dickinson's. But he doesn't try to palm off Whitman as more modern or complex than he actually was; concentrating mainly on 'Song of Myself' and the Civil War writings (letters as much as poems), he admires above all the strength and scope, the breaking of new ground. Mr Dutton probably gains from being an Australian; his book won't provide harassed undergraduates with the right answers, but it does give the measure of the cranky Brooklyn journalist, his time and his disconcerting talent.

After the recent glut of books on Lawrence it must be hard to say anything fresh about him within a short compass, and Mr Beal, writing in the same *Writers and Critics* series, follows what is rapidly becoming the orthodox line, awarding top marks to *Women in Love* and the long short stories. He writes from the standpoint of a post-war generation which finds itself particularly drawn to Lawrence, a generation which he calls 'serious and old for its years'. This suggests that Lawrence has been passed fit for consumption by a jury of premature greybeards – and so much for those young fools in the Thirties who let their judgment be clouded by a temporary disturbance like Hitler. But in general Mr Beal is cautious, and won't have any truck with the mad side of Lawrence; within conventional limits he makes out an intelligent case for his pre-eminence among the English writers of his time.

Lawrence is the hero of the last volume of the *Pelican Guide to English Literature*, which won't surprise anyone who has been following the whole series. The editor, Professor Ford, is even more orthodox than Beal: in previous volumes this has led to unevenness, in the present one it spells disaster. The worst features of earlier volumes recur: second-hand opinions, stale quotations, indigestible prose, a lack of imagination *and* common sense, contempt for the uninitiated, all the contortions and nervous tics of writers who are afraid to think for themselves. And now there's an additional hazard, a general assumption that 20th-century society is so shoddy that it's scarcely worth writing about at all. The time is irrevocably out of joint, and boredom and distaste are the approved emotions. Even the handful of acceptable authors are approached with a suspicious sniff: 'Conrad's art has its limitations,' opens one essay with a characteristic flourish. Just the thing to stir a young imagination or start a run on the bookshops.

According to the blurb, the *Guide* is designed first and foremost with the laudable aim of encouraging people to read for themselves, but only one or two of the contributors – notably D. J. Enright (on poets of the First World War) and Arnold Kettle (on Joyce) – have any idea of how to make their subject sound attractive. Elsewhere, occasional good ideas are buried in jargon, while some of the contributors write as though they think that literary criticism is more important than literature; there's one memorable statement about the 'astonishing good fortune' of our otherwise benighted age in having 'at least three and a half great critics' (the unfortunate centaur is Eliot). On the other hand, the authors who come under fire, even when the criticisms are legitimate, are usually made to sound cheaper or sillier than they in fact are. A glaring example is 'Metaphor and Maturity', which turns out to be an unsavoury attack on Dylan Thomas that should never have seen the light (Professor Ford and his collaborators aren't the only ones who can take a strong moral line). I'm beginning to feel about Maturity much as Madame Roland felt about Liberty when she mounted the guillotine.

Snide judgments are one thing; gaps and omissions are another, especially in a general work of this kind. Writers as important as Shaw, Wells and Arnold Bennett receive the skimpiest treatment, although there's room for a piece on L. H. Myers which sounds like a Henry Reed radio skit, not to mention *two* extended tributes – in a guide to English literature – to that fine old English gentleman, Ezra Pound. As for lesser figures, there's next to nothing about Beerbohm, Katherine Mansfield, Isherwood, Maugham, MacNeice, I. A. Richards, to name a few; the enquiring student will search in vain for Lawrence of Arabia, Betjeman, Lytton Strachey, Henry Green, William Golding and scores of others. The essay by Charles Tomlinson on 'Poetry Today' contrives to leave out nearly everyone of talent who has emerged in the last 20 years, and while it was a good idea to have an article on best-sellers, it would have been even better to assign it to someone less evidently pained by the whole subject.

The editor's real grievance against minor authors, to judge from his preface, is that they exist at all; if he thinks so poorly of them, why didn't he allot more space to historians, philosophers or social thinkers instead? But then there isn't much evidence of a coherent editorial policy; the 'essential facts' given in the appendices, for instance, are completely at odds with the main text. Even the misprints are silly ones: if you're going to dismiss Orwell's last novel, you should be careful not to refer to it as *1948*. Still, oversights and errors can be forgiven; what's really objectionable is the deadening tone of the book taken as a whole. Professor Ford calls the spirit of the work 'exploratory', as though he were some kind of Columbus embarking with his crew on the perilous seas of literature; anyone who used the *Guide* for what its title claims would soon find he had run aground.

JOHN GROSS

The Long Debauch

Exile's Return. By MALCOLM COWLEY. *Bodley Head*. 18*s*.

The 27th birthday of Mr Cowley's book about the American Twenties is being celebrated by its publication in Great Britain, though in a somewhat confusing revision made in 1951 – about which more later. Perhaps the right thing to say about this long delay is, better late than never, for *Exile's Return* is both an important book and a good one.

By this time we know enough about the Twenties to check nearly everything Mr Cowley wrote in 1934, and nearly everything stands up. You can, for example, check his account of Harry Crosby against Caresse Crosby's autobiography, *The Passionate Years* (your only doubts will be about Caresse). Or if you wonder about the Harold Loeb who turns up momentarily to watch with an embarrassed smile while Malcolm Cowley slugs the proprietor of the Rotonde (date: evening of 14 July 1923), you can find out all about him in Hemingway's *Fiesta* (where he is called Cohn) and in Loeb's own autobiography, *The Way It Was*, where Loeb talks a good deal about Malcolm Cowley. It is true that neither book tells us much about the more important Harold Loeb who figured prominently in the Technocracy movement of the Thirties. But there is no point in being ungrateful: the Twenties were, for all their appealing silliness and their waste, a decade of immense achievement in American literature and, together with the Thirties, a period of revolution in America equalled – if at all – only by the period of the Civil War.

Of all the books about the Twenties, *Exile's Return* remains the best. Mr Cowley was lucky. A year or two younger than Faulkner and Fitzgerald and a year older than Hemingway, he grew up, like many of the best writers of his times, in the provinces (in Pittsburgh, where he and Kenneth Burke attended the same high school). Like so many of them, he went to one of the Eastern Universities (Harvard), which he thought 'salesrooms and fitting rooms of culture'. Like them, he was an ambulance driver in the first war (so were Dos Passos, Hemingway, Cummings and many others). Like them, he lived, during the Twenties, in the France of the American expatriates and the Greenwich Village of the little magazines.

But it takes more than luck to make a good book. Mr Cowley combines remarkably the imaginative writer's vivid recollection of experience and the intellectual historian's gift for generalising about it. His ability to detect 'the ideas that half-consciously guided

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[people's] actions' is equalled only by his good sense about them – actually a rarer quality in critics than insight, as the books of Mr Cowley's lifelong friend, Kenneth Burke, formidably demonstrate. For example: 'The postwar writers, in their feeling that their experience was unique, revealed their ignorance of their American past. On the other hand, the feeling was real in itself . . . and it made them regard all other members of their age group, whether artists or athletes or businessmen, as belonging to a sort of secret order . . .' in which an attitude, a sense of experience, counted for more than a doctrinal adhesion: 'socialism, free love anarchism, syndicalism, free verse' all went together. How that insight illuminates the lives of John Reed and Max Eastman and Floyd Dell and all the others who gathered around the *Masses.* How it clarifies those odd 'Wednesdays' at Mabel Dodge's, when Big Bill Haywood held the New York intellectuals enthralled, and the 'socialist' ending of Fitzgerald's *This Side of Paradise,* and the curiously complementary pairing of *Axel's Castle* and *To the Finland Station.*

Of course the influence of the Nineties was there, but in a peculiarly Americanised form that made these writers feel betrayed when their colleague from St Louis, in *The Waste Land,* 'not only abused the present but robbed it of vitality.' *That* was no way to use the Symbolist tradition, and it made them so sore that in 1934 Mr Cowley was still misrepresenting Mr Eliot as a poet who 'had used such dead symbols as . . . the Lion of St Mark's to emphasize the vulgarities of the present', conveniently forgetting that Mr Eliot's lion, with its ragged rump, is no more glorious than Burbank or Bleistein.

But *Exile's Return* is something more than a history of ideas; it is a book about 'the way it was' for those who were 'half-consciously guided by these ideas'.

> We looked indifferently at the lake, now empty of swans, and the formal statues chipped by machine-gun fire, and talked in quiet voices – about Mallarmé, the Russian ballet, the respective virtues of two college magazines. On the steps of the château, in the last dim sunlight, a red-faced boy from Harvard was studying Russian out of a French textbook. Four other gentleman volunteers were rolling dice on an outspread blanket.

I doubt if anything in Don Passos' *Three Soldiers* or Faulkner's *Soldiers' Pay* catches the participants' sense of their experience as well as that.

The conclusion of this book is that, in the Twenties, writers went wrong, by committing themselves to some version of 'the religion of art'. This conclusion appears seriously inadequate to Mr Cowley's implied judgment of the times. It is, because when Mr Cowley revised *Exile's Return* in 1951, he cut out what he calls 'the political opinions that intruded into the narrative' and that gave overt expression to the controlling judgment of the book. *Exile's Return* was written at a time – 'a madly hopeful time', Mr Cowley calls it – when he was a Marxist, and for all the book's sympathetic understanding of the Twenties, its now unstated judgment of the period was a Marxist judgment. (One can follow the agonies of conscience that carried Mr Cowley into and out of a Marxist attitude in the fascinating letters he has allowed Professor Aaron to quote in the forthcoming *Writers on the Left.*) It still shows. Harvard was a 'milieu . . . in which the productive forces of society were regarded as something alien to poetry and learning'; 'Bohemia . . . can exist only in a capitalist society'; 1929 was 'the moment when bourgeois society seemed about to crumble after its longest debauch. . . .'

It is perfectly true that the Marxist thesis of *Exile's Return* shrivels into gross simplicities the fine understanding Mr Cowley has when he is looking directly at the Twenties. But the original book's thesis has not been – cannot be – entirely cut out, and it had a merit of its own. Mr Cowley's Marxism was neither the dessicated and arrogant pedantry of the Stalinists of the Thirties nor the complacent irresponsibility of the fellow travellers of the Sixties. It was in fact a manifestation of the hope, the responsibility, the moral energy of a sensitive American of the early Thirties. Mr Cowley would have been a smaller man than he is had he not manifested these qualities as he did in 1934. By doing so, moreover, he told us – unintentionally – as much about the American Thirties as he told us – intentionally – about the Twenties, and told it more clearly than he does in this revision.

ARTHUR MIZENER

Two Poems by R. S. Thomas

Question

One thing he said
I recall still:
Never, he said,
Never give in
Even to truth
That is made by men
For themselves, stand
Always alone.

Have I stood so,
Training my roots
Back on myself,
Rinsing, drenching
By sharp emetic
The mind of thought
That is not pure?

I have stood lonely,
But not alone.
The long antennae
Were always busy
Sifting the air;
The brain's small cells
Filled with honey
Of flowers not mine.

Under my flesh
The blood flowed back
By many channels,
None of them clean.

Encounter

I've been back – just the same;
Does the period matter? There he was
In the fields' cemetery, a man,
Without honour, without rank,
Working calmly at the grave's edge,
Heedless of time's sullen abyss,
Wresting hourly from the land
The soil's storage of sun, minted
In gold coinage of oats and wheat.

He saw me then, my tall shadow
Fell with the old ambivalence
Of the priest over his slow path
Skyward, and our glances met
Over the mows, the weeds, the years,
With brute glumness, while history passed
Noisily by us on wings and wheels.

Clear Glass, and Rippled

A Tropical Childhood. By Edward Lucie-Smith. *Oxford.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Tares. By R. S. Thomas. *Hart-Davis.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Morant Bay. By Francis Berry. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Poisoned Lands. By John Montague. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The other week Bernard Bergonzi, I notice, was saying on the BBC that 'the Movement' was over by 1959, when Laurence Lerner produced the last volume of Movement verse. Not just the latest, the last. I wonder if Bergonzi has read *A Tropical Childhood*, which seems to me Movement verse all through. To be sure, the Movement was more a set of mannerisms and a set of attitudes than it was a style. And Edward Lucie-Smith has few of the mannerisms; what's more, in a poem called 'Wishes' which owes a lot to Philip Larkin's lines to Sally Amis, he pointedly rejects the typical Movement attitude, which Larkin took up in that poem as in others, of readiness to settle for a less than golden mediocrity. But then, this gesture carries little weight just because it is made so patently in the Movement style, more precisely in Larkin's style. And indeed Larkin seems to have been a model all through.

Now that the reaction against the Movement has set in, Lucie-Smith will suffer from publishing four or five years too late. And so it's fair to say what one can for the Movement style. What one can say is that, except where the mannerisms are much in evidence, it is an honest style; honest, because transparent. If a lot of Movement poems seem to be very little poems, this is because the Movement style at its best, in Larkin, won't allow the poet to disguise a little experience as a big one. The style is clear glass through which you see the subject for what it is; which is to say, usually, something that doesn't amount to much. Reading *A Tropical Childhood*, I felt as I do with a lot of Movement verse – applauding honesty, yes, but honesty about so little, honesty within the bounds of such a very limited experience and sensibility.

A case in point is the poems which provide the title: one looks up from these well-made pieces with the reflection that childhood in Port of Spain or wherever is very like childhood in Coventry or Enfield. And this isn't unfortunately the same as saying that human nature is everywhere the same; the implication is rather (and this is the worst thing about the Movement) that no child has ever had more, and no child has the right to more, than what Coventry or Enfield can provide. The best of the Movement poems in *A Tropical Childhood* is 'The Witnesses', about concentration camps. But better still are 'Take Count Then, Sir . . .' and 'A Prophet on the Underground', two poems about writing poetry, but done much more in the manner of Graves than in the Movement manner. The total impression, however, is of a book that is painfully unassuming: of rudimentary but real skills in the service of an experience that is narrow not from the poet's incapacity but because of a milieu and a way of life which provide him with no compelling images.

R. S. Thomas is a non-Movement poet whom the Movement liked and admired. And one can see why: his too is a transparent style, even clearer than the Movement pane of glass because not filmed over by the predictable fall of cadence in a too regular metre. In other respects Thomas, too, is tech-

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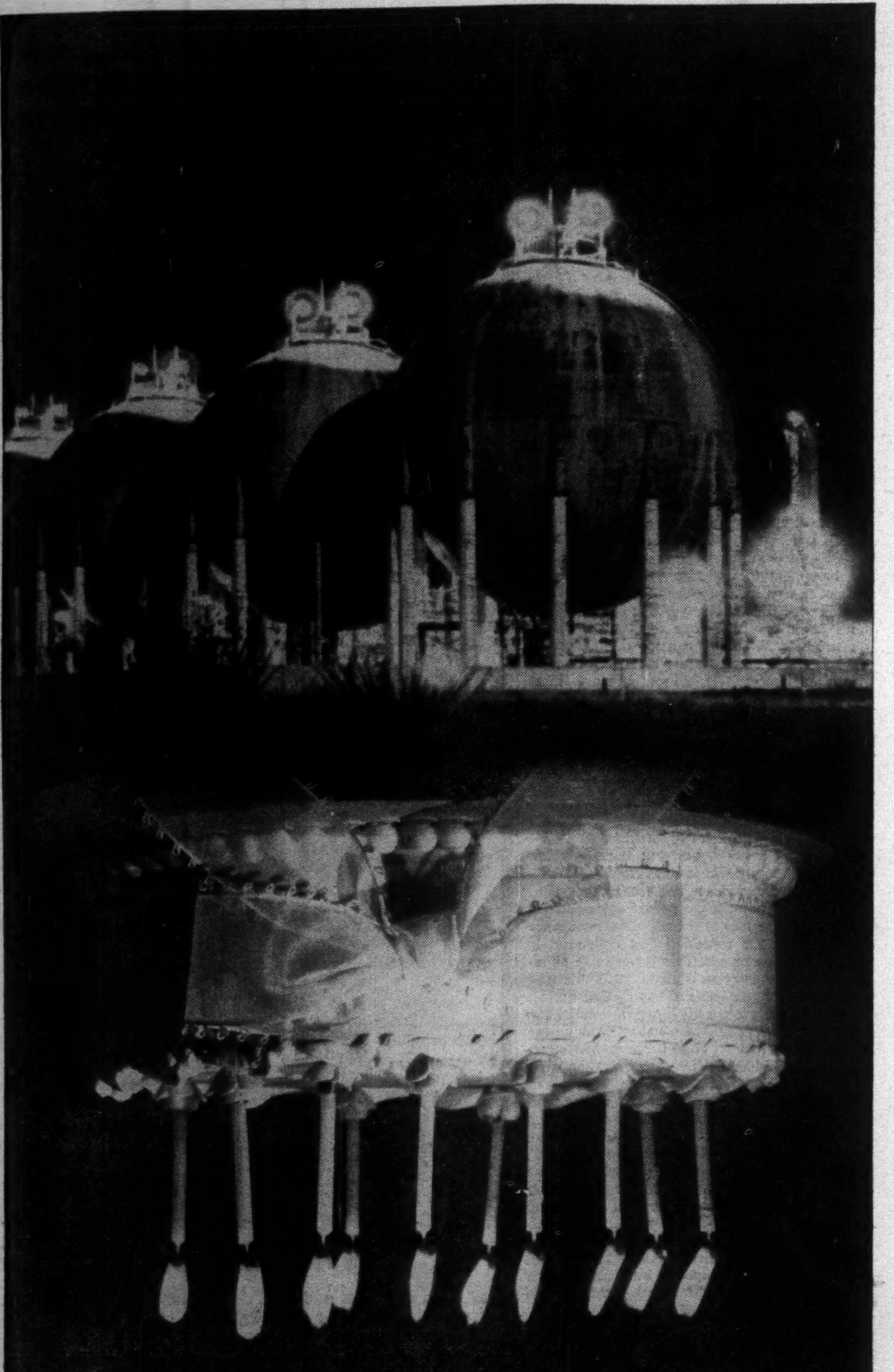

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nically unadventurous. The difference is all in the milieu: Thomas has been brought up against images and a way of life which put his honesty to a real test, which promise real rewards if he can meet the challenge. And he can. With *Tares*, his latest collection, we are back among the farmers of the Welsh uplands, but one has no sense of a writer still picking away at a vein that has yielded its best already. The honesty is being tested more exactingly than ever; in particular Thomas is now not so much presenting his hill-farmers to us, breaking down in the process our preconceptions (pastoral or anti-pastoral, Wordsworthian or anti-Wordsworthian), as presenting them to himself, questioning how far he has measured up to the demands of the encounter between his subjects and himself. *Tares* is very moving and impressive.

Francis Berry uses a style which is not transparent at all. At every point he makes us aware (and why not?) of the medium we are looking through, of the whorls and ripples in his window-glass. These are caused mostly by an unusually bold and self-advertising use of sound, as here, on peeping toms:

> O to hail and inhale, to have and to hold
> The biggest cleft burden on the broad bold
> Hee-Gee-Gee's back;
> Nip natty through net, be in her bod' –
> Like a God –
> Beaten.

Though the style is thus opaque, it is not often obscure (though I found it so in 'Lindenland', otherwise one of the best things). For Berry is an expansive writer, who doesn't mind appearing diffuse. Sometimes this lays him open to other objections; and with the title-poem, for instance, which is about the Victorian Governor Eyre in Jamaica, I found myself wondering what we get in verse that we couldn't have had in lively prose. All the same, in its vivid, shambling way it certainly holds the attention. And Berry, in fact, ought to be a popular poet; instead he gets left out of anthologies. His way out of a milieu which offers him too little is as a tourist through the Imaginary Museum, where he is at home in some of the unfrequented Scandinavian and Icelandic galleries, as well as some that are more familiar. The Movement disapproves of this; and perhaps Lucie-Smith would complain that Berry's Jamaica is all too much the West Indies of the tourist. But poets can be tourists though they never stir from home. An Irishman who writes in English, who knows he is probably addressing more non-Irish readers than Irish ones, is tempted to use the tourist's eye, as I think John Montague does. In fact he explicitly presents himself as *déraciné* from the Irish scenes he writes about. Fair enough. And he has his nostalgia well in check, holding the balance even between the gain and the loss in that uprooting. This means, though, that we see these Irish images through the clear but distancing and diminishing lens of some globe-trotting Guggenheim Scholar's Leica.

DONALD DAVIE

What Are We For

The Humanist Frame. Edited by JULIAN HUXLEY. *Allen & Unwin. 37s. 6d.*

Huxley humanism is of the Comtian variety, a religion of Humanity rather than an ethic of common sense. The age-long processes of biological evolution are now being superseded by still vaster processes of psycho-social evolution which will lead us to a grand Utopia of unitary Mankind, beautified by Art, ordered by Science and flooded with 'reverence, awe and a sense of wonder'. Thus Sir Julian, but other Huxley contributors write in similar vein. Brother Aldous brings in Tantric Philosophy and Zen; son Francis concerns himself quite seriously with occultism. By no means all of the gallant company who have been assembled to preach this strange gospel share their leader's beatific vision. Michael Young, for example, who writes rather boringly about the utility of social surveys never mentions humanism or evolution at all. And some of the essays are simply bad. No doubt the valuation of love and sex must fill a pivotal position in any ethical code, but here the topic is covered by a past President of the Society of Magazine Writers with a banality appropriate to a mass-circulation Sunday newspaper. Yet despite the trivia, the jargon, and the miasma of mysticism, there are heavyweights in the contingent who have important things to say: Bertram, Bronowski, Holford, Meredith, Waddington, and indeed Sir Julian himself, keep harking back to a common theme. The argument runs something like this.

The traditional centre of the humanist position has been the denial of absolute values and the tolerance of other people's opinions. Yet this ethical relativism is itself a phenomenon of history. Until recently mankind has been divided into an enormous diversity of cultures each with its own technology, its own ecology, its own religion; and it remains true that, at this level of diversity, we have no rational ground for supporting one moral code rather than another. But in the last 100 years, and more particularly in the last decade, we have been caught up in a social economic revolution of overwhelming scale. In the resulting turmoil all traditional religions appear palpably inadequate, yet at the same time the liberal-humanist thesis of tolerance and ethical relativity has become outmoded. Today the world scale of economic and technological activity, the accelerated gathering of scientific knowledge and, above all, the revolutionary implications of modern techniques of communication imply that mankind is now, for good or for ill, a cultural unity, wholly unlike anything which has previously existed.

This new unity requires a new ethic grounded in the facts and potentialities of science rather than in the *ex cathedra* pronouncements of a Jewish Jehovah or a deified Karl Marx. Conservative estimates indicate that the present world population of 2,800 million may rise to over 6,000 million in less than 40 years. The social cataclysm which such figures imply will not be evaded by the issue of Papal encyclicals on the sinfulness of birth control or by blandly proclaiming the undoubted truth that the productive resources of the world are not yet fully utilised. Sooner or later, and the sooner the better, we must face the issue: what are people for? We need an ethic which will offer some rational measure of the value of more people versus more food, of individual variety versus mass standardisation, of enjoyment for the young and healthy versus protective care for the weak and the sick and the dying. Christian philanthropy is tolerable only when it is inefficient. Applied with rigour under modern conditions it would lead simply to the survival of the unfittest.

These are issues of real urgency but they call for much clearer thinking than is displayed by most of the writers in this symposium. Yet it is perhaps to their credit that, having considered the prospect before us, they contemplate the future with optimism and confidence. For my own part, being a humanist of a somewhat different persuasion, I would argue that such self-assurance has its drawbacks. The problem for the humanist is that of every scientist: how to make use of past experience while yet evaluating evidence without reference to preconceived prejudice. Somehow we must learn to make ethical decisions *without* becoming entangled in reverence and awe, for only then can we fully admit that as knowledge increases, the foundations of morality are continually changed. This kind of operational ethic requires that we be just as much on our guard against the enticing certainties of an apocalyptic future as against the worn-out authority of a traditional past, and though I welcome many of Sir Julian's arguments I baulk at his metaphysic.

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In Extremis

Rabbit, Run. By JOHN UPDIKE. *Deutsch.* 16*s.* *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Each in His Darkness. By JULIAN GREEN. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The Window. By ALASDAIR CLAYRE. *Cape.* 16*s.*

Published under a reassuring hard cover stamped with the Book Society's special seal of merit, *Rabbit, Run* is the sort of slick, sex-loaded novel instantly revealed as a hot favourite for the 'brutally frank . . . unflinchingly honest . . . horribly true' – type of review. In fact it is a sour-tasting novel of the genre, familiar enough in American literature, that sees life as a futile drag relieved by a series of satisfactory orgasms. This is not to dismiss such a view as 'untrue'. Tennessee Williams has demonstrated that a writer of real creative power can translate the most sombre view of humanity into genuine art. Unfortunately, John Updike's genital inspiration is considerably less potent and what promises to be a fierce attack on the deadness of lower middle-class life inside America quickly simmers down to the kind of defeated, aphrodisiacal slush served up in the past by writers such as O'Hara and Caldwell.

The bolting rabbit of the title who imagines the grass is sweeter in the next field is a Harry Angstrom, a gentle, ineffectual young man, constantly reliving the glory he knew as a schoolboy basketball star, and now stuck with a humdrum job and a shiftless, alcoholic wife, Janice, soon to have their second child. On a sudden impulse, he makes a break – a vague pastoral yearning prompts him to drive down into the Southern States but he ends up living with a semi-professional whore, Ruth, on the other side of the town. For a while he finds a sort of sexual bliss with her until this too sours as the relationship hardens and they begin to make demands of each other. He is hounded by a feeble parson intent on restoring him to family and home. Harry tolerates him with a contemptuous interest and an attentive eye to the parson's sexy wife. When his wife has the baby he returns to her, only to leave again, repelled by her frigidity. Drunk and distraught, Janice accidentally drowns the baby in the bath. Mr Updike shows at times an impressive, racy talent – particularly in the drowning of the baby, which comes over appallingly. For the most part, however, his book is a wearying round of introspective brooding and interminable sex.

Another in Heinemann's Blue Passport Series, hard on the heels of that monumentally pretentious book *The White Stone,* is Julian Green's *Each in his Darkness,* just as high-sounding and no more rewarding. But the problem is reversed: whereas the first novel deals with an apostate priest who is capable of inspiring faith in the most hostile unbeliever, here we have a man with faith but wholly unable to transmit its consolations – the other side of the scapular, so to speak. Wilfred Ingram is a young man torn between the dictates of his religion and excessive sensual appetites: a dilemma he meets by indulging his lusts and eternally weeping his remorse. This conflict is brought to a head when he falls passionately in love with his cousin's wife, and conveniently resolved when he is shot by a madman. The book operates in a Never Never Land where people are constantly asking each other 'Are you a believer?' and there is little to be said about it except that the dreariness of the story is even

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more intolerable than the inflated superficiality of its philosophy. No doubt it will be well received in a country where Catholic novels are accorded almost as much respect as the Queen's Christmas Broadcast.

The Window is another novel that takes a stab at the meaning of it all, and throws in for good measure some earnest reflections on world priorities, love, personal freedom, family relationships, racial prejudice, snobbery and probably a dozen other topics that I missed. One of those irritating novels where each character represents a point of view and jumps forward to express it at Mr Clayre's bidding, it is all quietly intelligent, quietly written, and will pass a quiet Sunday before it is put aside and quietly forgotten.

FRANK McGUINNESS

Missing Chairs

Collected Verse from 1929 On. By OGDEN NASH. *Dent*. 30*s*.

Very little comic poetry comes off – very little poetry of any kind comes off, actually, but the success ratio is higher in the straight kind – for preoccupation with the short, escapable, unimportant periods when life is funny to the exclusion of the long, inescapable, important periods when it is serious implies, ultimately (and sometimes immediately), mediocre taste. It is a shock, therefore, to hear that Ogden Nash bears the awesome title of America's Most Quoted Poet. More, he lives by his work. Clearly, he is saying a lot of things that a lot of people are willing to pay to see said, and merits the longer look at his talents which this volume affords.

Most readers will already have met his stylistic patent: the uneven lines shutting suddenly like a pair of lop-sided nutcrackers with half an assonance still hanging out:

> Oh, sometimes I sit around and think, what would you do if you were up a dark alley and there was Caesar Borgia,
> And he was coming torgia . . .

Or sometimes the second line is the longer, and one waits suspensefully as the rhyme slowly teeters down the incline like a pin-table ball, knocking into every obstruction before holing up in the 20,000:

> And his host said, Oh yes, and steer away from education when you talk to the Senator,
> Because somebody said his seventeen-year-old nephew would have to burn down the schoolhouse to get out of the third grade and his nephew overheard them and did burn down the schoolhouse, including the music master and the janitor . . .

This inherently ludicrous device gathers force when the verse is read in quantity, however, because one begins to sense a parallel between it and Nash's normal subject-matter. 'What is Life?' he asks:

> Life is stepping down a step or sitting in a chair,
> And it isn't there.
> Life is not having been told that the man has just waxed the floor,
> It is pulling doors marked PUSH and pushing doors marked PULL and not noticing notices which say PLEASE USE OTHER DOOR . . .

Nash's let-down rhymes and wait-for-it metrics are perfect stylistic equivalents for the missing chairs and slow burns of which civilised masculine living is compounded: waiting for women, putting up with children, social boredom and humiliation, having to work, the agenbite of inwit. In fact, if it is long inescapable etc. periods you want, Nash couldn't pour them straighter:

> Ah woe, woe, woe, man was created to live by the sweat of his brow,
> And it doesn't make any difference if your brow was moist yesterday and the day before, you've still got to get it moist again right now,
> And you know deep in your heart that you will have to continue keeping it dewy
> Right up to the time when somebody at the Club says, I suppose we ought to go to what's-his-name's funeral, who won the fifth at Bowie?
> That's a nasty outlook to face,
> But it's what you get for belonging to the human race.

He is, in fact, in line with those humourists who make you laugh at things not because they are funny but because laughing at them makes it easier to stand them – which is, I suppose, the same as calling him a sort of honorary serious writer after all.

He isn't always as good as this. Whenever he departs from his own peculiar half-acre he is no better than any anonymous calendar-writer or comic-verse merchant. The collection, too, is made up in that American way that seems frightened of saying what books the poems came from and when they were published. But all in all it is an ideal present for the middle-aged, respectable, hard-working husband and parent – in fact, for you. And when you have finished the poems you can go back and read the list of their titles ('Portrait of the Artist as a Prematurely Aged Man'; 'Ask Daddy, He Won't Know'; 'I'll Eat My Split-Level Turkey In The Breezeway'; 'Come On In. The Senility Is Fine'; 'Oafishness Sells Good, Like An Advertisement Should'). It is a poem in itself.

PHILIP LARKIN

Self-Help in Hot Places

A House for Mr Biswas. By V. S. NAIPAUL. *Deutsch*. 21*s*.

> He stayed in the back trace and read Samuel Smiles. He had bought one of his books in the belief that it was a novel, and had become an addict . . Mr Biswas saw himself in many Samuel Smiles heroes: he was young, he was poor, he fancied he was struggling. But there always came a point when resemblance ceased. The heroes had rigid ambitions and lived in countries where ambitions could be pursued and had a meaning. He had no ambition, and in this hot land, apart from opening a shop or buying a motorbus, what could he do?

It is quite possible that many English readers will miss the force of this quotation. Despite all the complaints we hear about the 'disintegration' of English society, there still are opportunities for Englishmen to nourish ambitions which seem to them meaningful; and the culture does offer anyone of intelligence and sensitivity more to aspire towards than the ownership of a motorbus. For that very reason it is possible that many readers will not appreciate the difficulties overcome by Mr Naipaul in writing a novel set in a country which can be described in the terms he has used above. The novel, as a literary form, is concerned with making articulate the relationship between the individual and his society. What Mr Naipaul has done is to write – without faking or romanticising – about a man living in a society so incoherent and rudimentary that he cannot begin to define himself against it. And yet the man is presented fully to us, and so too, through much of the book, are the groups of people with whom he lives: his family, his neighbours, his fellow-workers, his rivals. As a literary achievement (and as a human one, too, it isn't superfluous to add) this seems to me something quite out of the ordinary.

Mr Naipaul's previous books have been deft, lively and amusing; but I have at times felt a little uneasy about the kind of amusement to be derived from them. What has made me uneasy is not that Mr Naipaul has used for comic purposes poverty, superstition, corruption and a cultural isolation which is hardly to be comprehended in the word provincialism; but that he has written as though he himself were not threatened by his own subject-matter. So that the effect ultimately, has almost been one of patronage – of an innocent and compassionate variety, it should be added. And at first, as I read, I feared that this might also be true of *A House for Mr Biswas*: the tone in the opening pages is a little unsteady, and initially there are touches of affectation (as in the fact, for example, that Mr Biswas is never referred to as anything but 'Mr Biswas', even when he is a tiny baby). But the novel soon gathers momentum, the depth of the author's involvement with his character becomes evident, and Mr Naipaul's comedy, and his pathos, acquire great strength. Precisely because he no longer seeks to detach himself from his material, he is freer than ever before within it: free to invent, to describe, to reveal everything about his characters without losing his charity towards them.

We follow Mohun Biswas from his birth, in Trinidad, in the hut of a poverty-stricken Hindu labourer, to his death in a rickety, heavily-mortgaged house in Port of Spain. He earns his living in a number of ways (sign-writing, supervising labour on a sugar estate, reporting for a daily newspaper, working as a civil servant); he fathers several children and is erratically affectionate towards them; all his adult life he conducts a hopeless running battle against his polyprogenitive in-laws; he dies of a heart-attack. Throughout, Mr Biswas is confused, ignorant and incapable of formulating his own ambitions; but he *knows* his own incapacities, and he yearns for something other than what has been given to him, or what he has been able to grab for himself. And though the grounds of Mr Biswas's yearnings may seem vague to him, they are not vague to us, by the time we have finished the book. Mr Biswas yearns to be more fully human. He is a weak, unsuccessful man living in 'a place that was nowhere, a dot on the map of the island, which was a dot on the map of the world'; but we have been shown convincingly that, as much as any other man, he is entitled to the best that is going in the world. He dies hoping that his son, Anand, may be able to enjoy more of it than himself.

A House for Mr Biswas is a long novel, and Mr Naipaul is not always successful in maintaining the flow of the narrative; one is sometimes aware of strain in the presentation of certain characters and incidents. And I cannot help feeling it rather a pity that Mr Naipaul hasn't been a bit bolder in filling in some of the historical and social background to Trinidad and to the East Indian community on the island: our modern dread of having anything in a novel which isn't direct 'action' or 'description of scene' seems to me misguided, especially when the novel is as loose in form as the present one. But these are minor criticisms of a book I have greatly enjoyed.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Empson's God

A. ALVAREZ

The reaction to the work of William Empson is usually fierce, but no more so than the books themselves – despite their slangy, take-it-for-granted style. From the start he has appeared as a frighteningly clever man, unwilling to shelve the responsibilities, or the demonstration, of his cleverness. Emotion produced in him argument, and arguments he followed ruthlessly to their prodigiously involved ends.

At first the Old Guard of appreciative critics pooh-poohed his work as a perverse intellectual game. Empson himself didn't help by claiming later that the pleasure he derived from his own excellent poems was largely a 'crossword puzzle interest'. Yet it didn't take much perception to see that behind his throw-away wit and logical cat's cradles seethed two urgent preoccupations. The first was how, in an era of belles-lettrism, to reconcile acute sensitivity to literature with the workings of an analytical intelligence. The second was a more personal worry: to try to explain why precisely his reactions to poetry were as deep and complete as he found them, what precisely caused 'so straddling an emotion and so broad a calm'. He applied to literature the same fresh, sharp attention to the actual meanings of words which Freud had used to probe the unconscious.

His criticism, like his poetry, has become less guardedly impersonal in recent years. In *The Structure of Complex Words* the tightly argued semantics were largely used to bolster character analyses of Shakespeare's heroes which Bradley himself might have been proud of. Now, when his poetry, apparently, has ceased to flow, he has written *Milton's God*,* the most directly personal statement he has made – more so even than his verse.

He is, quite simply, airing his quarrel with God. It seems he has been carrying it on, more or less silently, all his life, but it only reached a head when, teaching *Paradise Lost* in Japan and China, he discovered that his pupils, with their innate good manners and different religious morality, were shocked by the Deity:

> I think the traditional God of Christianity very wicked, and have done since I was at school, where nearly all my little playmates thought the same. I did not say this in my earlier literary criticism because I thought it could be taken for granted, and that to fuss about it would do no good . . . Lecturing at Government Universities in the Far East . . . I gathered that those of my students who became interested in *Paradise Lost*, though too polite to express their opinion to me quite directly, thought 'Well, if they worship such a monstrously wicked God as all that, no wonder that they themselves are so monstrously wicked as we have traditionally found them.'

Empson's theory is that Milton, in his heart of hearts, was as shocked as the Oriental undergraduates; that he really meant what he said about justifying the ways of God to men because he felt they badly needed justifying; but that, 'owing to his loyalty to the sacred text and the penetration with which he makes its story real to us', he didn't quite succeed. 'That this searching goes on in *Paradise Lost*, I submit, is the chief source of its fascination and poignancy'.

Empson, then, has great admiration for Milton as a man and thinks his epic very beautiful. But he finds the subject-matter intolerable. So he has set out to justify the ways of Milton to God. He starts with the Romantics' idea that Milton was of the Devil's party without knowing it, and translates this into specifically modern terms. He is no longer bothered by the Romantic need to be on the side of the rebel against authority; instead, he takes for granted that Milton, a sensible, tough-minded Englishman with a strong, easily outraged sense of decency – like Empson himself, or his friend George Orwell – could not possibly have sympathised with Jehovah, and only with difficulty believed in Him.

Now there is no doubt that Milton felt the injustice of his own case keenly: his blindness, his politically dangerous position at the Restoration and his discovery, at the same time, that the wrong side wins out, even against the Saints. There is also no doubt that he kept a notebook, *De Doctrina Christiana*, in which he set out his theological doubts, puzzles and solutions, and produced Biblical texts to back them up. The scholars think that this work, which wasn't discovered until 1823, proves that Milton, while writing *Paradise Lost*, turned to Arianism, 'the doctrine that Christ was not the eternal Son of God, nor of the same substance'. Empson uses this to show that Milton, like himself, was thoroughly dissatisfied with Jehovah and decided that the only honourable solution was to drop hints in the poem that God intended to abdicate in favour of the Son and then dissolve back into the Absolute.

With this backing, Empson bends the whole weight of his immense logical machinery on proving a case against God. Except for a few, almost incidental perceptions ('the rhythm around the word *humiliation* is like taking off in an aeroplane'), he is scarcely concerned with the poetic texture of the work. Everything is concentrated on a legal arraignment of God on the charge of premeditated malignancy – and the law metaphors are more or less sustained throughout the book. The case is this: if God is omnipotent and omniscient, then Satan's escape from Hell and, despite the heavenly troops, his successful attack on Eden, Eve's succumbing to the temptation, Adam's falling with her and even the eventual sacrifice of the Son are all examples of God's mean, blood-thirsty wickedness. Hence, since both God and Satan know the end is foreordained, their speeches to their armies are merely propaganda, not true but simply rousing; if they sound convincing, that is because Milton was a skilled propagandist who, like Empson, had once been employed by the government. Hence, too, the war in Heaven and Satan's guerrilla fighting in the Garden are pointless military manouvres serving dubious political ends. It is all depressingly like our own time. On this view, God, oddly enough, is identified with Charles I, a compliment I can hardly believe Milton would have paid the Cavaliers. (If one must play this game, it is more likely that Milton, the 'harsh sire, harsher spouse', had guilty moments when he thought of himself as God, and so felt split about Him because worried by his own proneness to lay down the law.)

But there are two answers to all this. First, if God is omnipotent and omniscient then there can be no drama in the poem; therefore Milton had continually to humanise Him to keep the interest alive; with the result that this not quite human creation was always running head on into the attributes which derive from the abstract, metaphysical concept of God; hence the contradictions. Second, though Milton may appear as a crypto-democrat, it is ludicrous to resent the fact that Jahweh does not; if Milton eventually turned to Arianism, it may have been because of the difficulty of reconciling the vengeful, authoritarian God of the Old Testament with the New Testament doctrine of Redemption. But this doctrine, as I understand it – not being either a Christian or a believer in God – means that the Son was sacrificed to assuage both the world's sins and His Father's vengefulness. It was the human sacrifice to end all human sacrifices – not, as Empson, who is disgusted by the whole business, asserts, to perpetuate the ritual as the Aztecs did.

I am not sure, however, that logical points are quite relevant. For *Milton's God* is not just Empson's most personal book, it is, for all the jokes and irony, a work of obsession. The crookedness and savagery of divine justice seems to have stuck in Empson's gullet for a very long time, at least since he wrote, about 30 years ago:

> This last pain for the damned the
> Fathers found:
> They knew the bliss with which they were
> not crowned.

But now, it appears, Empson is no longer much bothered by the emotional and intellectual refinements of pain; he is haunted by the idea of the torture-chambers of Hell themselves. So, like some great boulder on the move, his book picks up momentum until it thunders into a final, overwhelming denunciation of God the Father Almighty as the ordainer and provoker of all physical cruelty: as who should say the Sermon on the Mount read 'Blessed are the sadists, for they shall inherit the earth'. And in this last chapter, Empson makes it clear that he is not just discussing Milton's God. He continually supports his arraignment of Him with personal anecdotes, until the evil he discovers in *Paradise Lost* pul-

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lulates all around in our own political and moral world:

> The idea of a soliloquy [Satan's] being observed has been found absurdly theatrical or literary, so I make bold to remark that it once happened to me. I had landed at Los Angeles on my way from China to England, and there is a park in that city which rises to a fairly bluff summit. I went to the top of it and screamed; this was in 1939, so my feelings need not all be blamed upon Los Angeles. After I had been screaming for a bit I found I was being shot at by boys with air-guns; this satisfied me in some way; I came down the hill, and took the train to San Francisco.

It is this extraordinary, off-hand acknowledgement of the inferno as a common fact of our personal experience which gives Empson's analysis of the epic its depth and power; he writes as though involved with the work from the inside. But this gradually becomes a matter of writing as though also involved somehow in the plot, a victim himself of the callous machinations of Milton's God. So in the end he seems to forget that this century's theological paradoxes are rather different from Milton's. I had better show my own cards at this point, since I suspect they are more or less typical and also, at least theoretically, the same as Empson's. I do not believe in God but I do believe in hell; yet, despite the concentration camps, it is not a place out there, it is something you carry around inside, like Marlowe's Devil: 'This is hell, nor am I out of it'. But Empson won't leave it at this; his hell also has to be a licensed and sanctified chamber of horrors, invented by God and somehow supported by the Church of England and British law. So despite his fine anger, this insistence makes his whole case contradictory; you can't, after all, be an atheist *and* believe in God; and if Empson doesn't really believe in God there seems no point in so passionately heaping Him with blame.

Living Like Heroes

Norman Mailer: What is a free act? It's an act for which there are no guides, when one has to make a moral judgment and there's no preparation for it because the life of the day has become more complex than the morality that covers it. The assumption here is that life always advances far ahead of morality. Morality is a quartermaster corps bringing up supplies to starving soldiers. Right. So the hipster acts and after he acts, he feels that it was either good or not good. He has a sensation which tells him which it was. This sensation is what Hemingway was writing about all the time. Now if the hipster always obeys this sensation, then he follows his unconscious, he acts on the basis of his id. He becomes the creature of the id.

Richard Wollheim: But how do you get from the idea of the free act to that of a way of life flowing directly from the unconscious? Why shouldn't we identify the free act with the act that results from arbitrary choice?

Mailer: That's the Sartrean idea, isn't it? Well, I reject Sartre. I don't reject him entirely, because I've not read him entirely. But I think that a Sartrean logic can work psychologically for very few people. There *are* people who can do it. It works for Sartre, but

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Sartre is so much a man of will that he can literally recreate himself by acts. But most people can't: for most people there must also be expressions of nature which go counter to their will.

Wollheim: Now this release of unconscious forces is obviously going to result in violence; and certainly in *The White Negro* you don't shrink from the consequences, though I'd say that certain critics make too much of this because they understand violence in too narrow a sense – violence as crime.

Mailer: But the violence must be violence for which full responsibility is accepted, and that's rare today. Today we have the violence of the man who won't look his victim in the face. Take Eichmann. If he had killed 500,000 people with his bare hands, he would have been a monster, but a heroic monster. He'd have gained some of our unconscious respect. He'd have worn the scar of his own moral wound.

Wollheim: I agree that the denial of the existence of aggression is a bad thing in our society. But an ethic of violence, or one that tolerates violence, surely won't reduce anxiety?

Mailer: I think there are two anxieties. The first comes because one contains more hatred than one can express, and one's afraid that it will come out; and there's another that comes precisely when you release it, because when you do, there are consequences.

Wollheim: But isn't there also anxiety that is more directly connected with the release of aggression, that isn't just fear of consequences, but an inherent fear we have of our own destructive forces. That's why hip morality will only increase anxiety.

Mailer: I know it's not easy to release the id. Incidentally I don't like the word 'id.' In America we have a better word: 'it'. You know, 'get with it'. But I don't see the real choice as one between violence and non-violence. It's rather between the violence of the individual and collective violence.

Wollheim: By 'collective violence' you mean the way in which certain aspects of society combine to destroy or deaden personality.

Mailer: Yes, and I mean a literal deadening. I believe there is a way in which a man's personality can die before his time, and that is worse than being killed in a concentration camp because – and this is where I am optimistic – if a man is killed in some most unjust way, then this will be taken account of in eternity; but if one's death isn't dramatic, if one is extinguished day by day by the society in which one lives, then one loses one's chance of eternity.

Wollheim: This deadening of the personality is a great historical theme. But do you think that the method of destruction changes with the different historical phases, so that today we have it in the form of capitalist exploitation?

Mailer: I wouldn't like to say that I'm no longer a Marxist – I don't like the connotations of saying it. And since I happen to have got more from Marx than from anyone else I've ever read, I wouldn't want to jettison Grandfather. But I'm not orthodox. I don't believe that capitalist exploitation can be explained entirely in terms like surplus value. I think that Marxism revisited would have to take into account something else that goes much deeper than that. Deeper than the love of property is the fear of the past, the fear of the vitality of the lower classes, the fear that if all men were to walk the earth equal, the upper classes would not long survive. I have the impression that the upper classes of England are superior to the upper classes of America. For one thing, if they're hypocrites, they're hypocrites with a certain amount of style; if they're humbugs, they're humbugs with particularly interesting voices. Just as people there's something absolutely godawful about the upper classes of America – they really are horrible people.

Wollheim: But however we think of this exploitation – and I agree that we ought to see it in part as a kind of emotional parasitism, as Lawrence did – it exists. Yet hip seems to me to raise what can't ever be more than a private or at best a minority protest. It demands a certain sophistication, a special sense of style; in a way it's a variant of old-fashioned aestheticism.

Mailer: What separates hip from aestheticism is that it's not a man living in a country house, surrounding himself with the most beautiful works of art, receiving only those people with manners sufficiently attuned to his, and savouring every moment of it. Hip is living a little like a hero in a Hollywood Western. If you like, it's aestheticism with danger added.

Wollheim: The danger thing seems to show that hip is essentially an ethic of protest, of rejection. But is it really beyond us to conceive of, or even bring about, a society in which, though dissent will still be necessary, protest won't, at least in this total form?

Mailer: Well, this depends on whether one thinks a society can solve its problems rationally. If one thinks it can, then hip will go nowhere. But if one thinks it can't, and that barbarism is closer, and that violence is in the seed, then at least hip introduces the notion of art into barbary.

Wollheim: And you no longer think that Socialism provides a rational solution?

Mailer: If anything is to come of Socialism, the existential content will have to be changed altogether. I've never really been a Socialist, but I've always thought, 'Better Socialism than anything else – and what else is there?' The trouble with Socialists, I don't know about English Socialists, but the trouble with American Socialists – and some of my best friends are Socialists – is that they're prigs. They have very often failed to lead interesting lives, and they say, 'My God, I've had a lousy life, and I'm damned if it's my fault. Let's change the world and have a good time.' No, Socialism isn't terribly interesting if it means looking after the happiness of other people for them. And it doesn't solve the real problem. Socialism has never really considered that part of the establishment which puts emphasis on courage, on manners, on physical graces, on wit. I'd be much more excited about Socialism if it contained within itself the notion of the artist-warrior – and I don't mean myself by that.

Wollheim: But why the warrior? It seems to me a historical accident that through centuries of oppression we've come to identify the free exercise of man's powers with conflict.

Mailer: There's a big problem here, one that Socialists won't face. And that is whether the nature of the universe is war. Because, if it is, it's important to have a good war. England had a war that wasn't nearly as good as it should have been, and it paid for it with a terrible greyness afterwards.

Wollheim: You think psycho-analysis has nothing to say on the subject?

Mailer: I see it as an instrument of conformity. Psycho-analysts are sedentary middle-class people, and I see no reason to give nature and the universe over to sedentary middle-class people. In America now there's a new establishment, what I call the establishment of the centre: people who are right-wing Socialists and left-wing – no, that's inaccurate, moderate – Conservatives, who all work together. And their great handmaid is psycho-analysis. It's almost impossible for anyone now to do anything individual without being crucified in those very mediocre and dreary salons which pop up like mushrooms all over New York. I've seen the city dying over the last ten years. There's a psychic poverty in the city today, perhaps in the whole country. The thing that distresses me about America is that for all that country's done, I don't think it's done one quarter of what it should. I believe it was destined, by history if you will, to be the greatest country that ever existed. I don't think it's come near it.

Norman Mailer is visiting this country. ADVERTISEMENTS FOR MYSELF *– a large confessional book enclosing articles and pieces of fiction – is published today by Deutsch and will be reviewed by Stuart Hampshire.*

To the Lower Classes

Noblesse
Oblige
has one rule
and
one rule only

You must be
so nice
so bright
so quick and
so well turned
that
no one need
tell you
a second time.

Tell me what?
that the world
is well-lost
for love
and the upper
classes
are the
law above?

I tell you this:
if the
upper classes
are kin to God
in style—
(which is one hypothesis
we do not ignore:
how else account
for elegance?)

if the
upper classes
are kin to God
in style
then God has no love
but guilt, nor a style
apart from fashion,
no courage but to
do in duty
what
one does not desire
and no worth
but for His love
at beauty

For there
is noble's work
their plea:
that they
love in truth
with all sense
of Christian
love
divorced from self
the air of beauty
and her pomp.

The poor know naught
but death
they do not free
they obliterate.

Stripped of its
distinctions
life is a flat city
whose isolated spurs
cut the sky
like housing projects.
Think of the air
whose heart is bruised
by touching such artifacts.
(*Does* the cutworm forgive
the plough?)

I tell you, say the rich,
the poor are naught
but dirty Wind
welling in air-shafts
over the cinders
and droppings of
the past, their
voices thick
with grease
and ordure,
sewer-greed
to corrode the ear
with the horrors
of the past
and the voids
of new stupidity.
One could drown
waiting for the poor
to make
one fine distinction.
Yes, destroy us
say the rich
and you lose
the roots
of God.

Destroy them
say the poor
we cannot breathe
nor give
until we etch
on their rich nerve
the cruel razor
and heartless club
of our past,
those sediments of
waste
which curbed
our genes
and flattened
the vision we
would give
the chromosome.

Yes, destroy them
say the poor
burn them, rob them
gorge their tears
and such half of beauty
lost to pomp
will flower
unglimpsed wonders
in the rose,
will flower
unglimpsed wonders
in the rows.

I wonder,
said the Lord
I wonder if I know the answer
any more.

NORMAN MAILER

Nelson

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A Selected List of Autumn and Winter Books

The books listed below are a selection from those which publishers hope to issue between now and March, including certain reprints or new editions and excluding children's books. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for this period, which had already appeared in our selected list last spring. Some prices are provisional.

Art and Architecture

Frederick Antal: Hogarth and his Place in European Art. *Routledge*. 84*s*.

Otto Benesch: Great Drawings of All Times. *Thames & Hudson*. 3 vols. 30 *gns*.

Jean Cassou, Emile Langui and Nikolaus Pevsner: The Sources of Modern Art. *Thames & Hudson*. 7 *gns*.

Douglas Cooper: The Work of Graham Sutherland. *Lund Humphries*. 4 *gns*.

Douglas Cooper: Nicolas de Stael. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 27*s* 6*d*.

Pierre Courthion: Romanticism. *Zwemmer*. 50*s*.

Terence Davis: The Architecture of John Nash. *Studio Books*. 50*s*.

Lady Epstein (Ed.): Epstein's Drawings. *Faber*. 42*s*.

John Fleming: Robert Adam and his Circle. *Murray*. 40*s*.

E. H. Gombrich: Art and Illusion. *Phaidon*. 37*s*. 6*d*.

Camilla Gray: The Modern Movement in Russian Art. *Thames & Hudson*. 5 *gns*.

Horace Gregory: The World of James McNeill Whistler. *Hutchinson*. 25*s*.

Werner Hofman: Art in the Nineteenth Century. *Faber*. 8 *gns*.

Paul Klee (Ed. Jürg Spiller): The Thinking Eye. *Lund Humphries*. £7 17*s*. 6*d*.

Oskar Kokoschka: A Sea Ringed With Visions. *Thames & Hudson*. 25*s*.

Jean Leymarie: Paul Gauguin. *Faber*. 45*s*.

Raymond Lister: Edward Calvert. *Bell*. 35*s*.

Sir John Rothenstein and Martin Butlin: William Turner. *Heinemann*. 4 *gns*.

John Russell: Henry Moore – Stone and Wood Carvings. *Blond*. 21*s*.

Sacheverell Sitwell (Ed.): Great Houses of Europe. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 90*s*.

Edgar Wind; Art and Anarchy. *Faber*. 15*s*.

Autobiography and Letters

Dominic Behan: Teems of Times and Happy Returns. *Heinemann*. 18*s*.

Thomas Bewick: Memoir of Thomas Bewick. (Ed. Edmund Blunden) *Centaur*. 63*s*. (Ed. Montague Weekley) *Cresset*. 15*s*.

Sergeant Red Cushing: Red Cushing. *Calder*. 18*s*.

Lord Dalton: High Tide and After. *Muller*. 30*s*.

Sefton Delmer: Trail Sinister. *Secker & Warburg*. 30*s*.

Henrique Galvao: Santa Maria. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 25*s*.

Graham Greene: In Search of a Character. Two African Journals. *Bodley Head*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Emma Hardy: Some Recollections. *Oxford*. 16*s*.

Frieda Lawrence (Ed. E. W. Tedlock): The Memoirs and Correspondence. *Heinemann*. 25*s*.

D. H. Lawrence (Ed. Harry T. Moore): Collected Letters. *Heinemann*. 42*s*.

Wyndham Lewis (Ed. W. K. Rose): Letters. *Methuen*. 63*s*.

Margaret Murray: A Century in View. *Kimber*. 30*s*.

Lord Salter: Memoirs of a Public Servant. *Faber*. 30*s*.

Sir Osbert Sitwell: Tales My Father Told Me. *Hutchinson*. 25*s*.

Loelia, Duchess of Westminster: Grace and Favour. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 25*s*.

Oscar Wilde (Ed. Rupert Hart-Davis): Letters. *Hart-Davis*. 63*s*.

Leonard Woolf: Growing. An Autobiography of the Years 1904-1911. *Chatto & Windus*. 25*s*.

Biography

Simone de Beauvoir: Marquis de Sade. *Calder*. 21*s*.

The Earl of Birkenhead: The Prof in two Worlds. *Collins*. 45*s*.

Keith Briant: Marie Stopes. *Hogarth*. 25*s*.

Hester Chapman: Eugénie. *Cape*. 21*s*.

Malcolm Elwin: Lord Byron's Wife. *Macdonald*. 42*s*.

Michael Foot: Aneurin Bevan. Vol. 1: 1897-1945. *MacGibbon & Kee*. 30*s*.

Wilmarth Lewis: Horace Walpole. *Hart-Davis*. 63*s*.

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Arthur Hedley (Ed.): Selected Correspondence of Frederic Chopin. *Heinemann*. 30*s*.

Micheal MacLiammoir: Each Actor on his Ass. *Routledge*. 25*s*.

Edward Sackville-West (Ed.): The Correspondence between Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal. *Collins*. 63*s*.

Artur Schnabel: My Life and Music. *Longmans*. 30*s*.

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Fiction

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Pierre Boulle: The Chinese Executioner. *Secker & Warburg*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Bertolt Brecht: Tales from the Calendar. *Methuen*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

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Robert Ruark: Uhuru. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21*s*.

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J. F. C. Fuller: The Conduct of War. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 30*s*.

Christopher Hibbert: Benito Mussolini. *Longmans*. 25*s*.

King James II: Memoirs, 1652-1660. *Chatto & Windus*. 42*s*.

Gordon Leff: Gregory of Rimini. *Manchester U.P.* 32*s* 6*d*.

Sir Lewis Namier: England in the Age of the American Revolution. *Macmillan*. 50*s*.

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Dr J. M. Plumb (Ed.): The Renaissance. *Collins*. 5 *gns*.

S. W. Roskill: The War At Sea 1939-1945. Vol., III Pt. II: The Offensive. *H.M.S.O.* 45*s*.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

This Year's Proms

DAVID DREW

This year's Proms have continued the good work of revitalisation begun last year, and despite a few boos from within and without the Albert Hall, there has been a general air of enthusiasm. So far from being betrayed, Sir Henry Wood's Magna Carta has been re-endorsed. Once again it is a vital part of the constitution of this state-within-a-state.

That is the useful peculiarity of the Proms: they are somehow detached from the rest of our musical life, and one would not be surprised to learn that they are attended by many who never go to another concert. The tolerant festive atmosphere of the cultural fairground combines with the more studious purpose of the voluntary evening class to make something which could have a unique didactic function.

The first duty will always be to the standard repertoire, but that repertoire is only a convention, of course: its narrow limits are not bounded by any absolute musical law. The extension of the limits, into the past as into the present, is the second duty of the Proms. A new habit of mind, which forgets all limits and refuses to listen to 'special' things in a special way, must be carefully fostered. The present policy of integrating the programmes more thoroughly, rather than putting the unfamiliar in a safe corner, is of the greatest assistance. But the ideal Prom listener is still the one to whom all things are unfamiliar.

Sometimes it is better to make new use of old traditions than to try to overthrow them altogether. The Saturday Night Proms are a case in point. They have always been designed as a kind of lollipop display on the Beecham pattern, though inevitably without the distinction which Beecham, or Constant Lambert, could have brought to it. But a diet of confectionery is bad for the teeth. The inclusion of Shostakovitch's Second Piano Concerto in the opening Saturday Concert, and two arias from Gerhard's *The Duenna* in the final concert set an excellent precedent. The Concerto is not very characteristic of its composer, but it is greatly preferable to his previous venture in that form, and clearly demonstrates that it is still possible to be creative in a popular diatonic style. The Gerhard arias, admirably sung by Marie Collier, suffered from a flaccid orchestral performance and from an acoustic that ill serves their marvellously sensitive textures. But they too made their point, and the fact that the activities of a 12-note series, however simple and lyrical, were received with equanimity by a 'Light Programme' audience is not without a certain symbolic significance.

As a vehicle for extending the repertoire, the Proms face one major obstacle – the technical difficulties of much of the best music outside the main repertoire. With limited rehearsal time, it is not possible to give more than a very general reading of works like Beethoven's Mass in D or Stravinsky's *Les Noces.* With all respect to the harassed soloists in the Mass, the most solid outcome of this season's performance was Robert Simpson's programme note. *Les Noces* has more chance of surviving through sheer gusto of performance, and that at least is what Colin Davis managed to bring to it.

It was an excellent idea to confine the absolute premieres to four specially commissioned works, and the placing of the commissions was worthy of it. Of the four, only Anthony Milner's skilful *Divertimento for Strings* safely trod in the footsteps of others; Elizabeth Lutyens's *Symphonies* for piano and wind instruments and Malcolm Williamson's Organ Concerto were both composed with an eye on the properties and improprieties of the Albert Hall. But that is all they have in common. As a form – a circular form – Miss Lutyens's work is very striking, though at first hearing the interchangeability of solo and tutti material did not seem entirely convincing. Despite the forceful playing of Miss Katherina Wolpe (who later distinguished herself against heavy orchestral odds in the Schoenberg Piano Concerto), the piano part did not seem to justify its distinctive role in the instrumental complex. This is not a matter of hearing – for Miss Lutyens has fine aural judgment – but of character.

Williamson's Concerto is as voluble as the Lutyens is laconic. It is, as the Americans say approvingly, a little crazy. It bravely flies in the face of convention, and delights in doing what is 'not done'. Unfortunately, it also tries to do things which cannot be done, at least by Williamson. In anything but the simplest diatonic and homophonic style (which Williamson's is not), the textural problems of writing an Organ Concerto are forbidding, and unfortunately Williamson's remarkable harmonic sense is not matched by any corresponding instrumental discrimination. Furthermore, his juxtapositions of extremely disparate material seem to depend on the fallacious idea that a motival or serial relationship is synonymous with a musical one. There is a real musical voice struggling for expression here, and one that deserves every encouragement short of disguising the truth. One truth, I suspect, is that Williamson as yet has little gift for large orchestral forms; another is that he might achieve more real unity if he forgot for a while about all the more easily demonstrable unities.

The fourth of the commissions for the Proms, Alexander Goehr's *Hecuba's Lament,* was the one least suited in character to Prom conditions. Much of the work is large-scale chamber music, and although it has several splendidly dramatic moments, its gestures are modest and its prevailing tempo restrained. The movements are much more striking individually than they are as a complete sequence, so that the piece sounds over-long without actually containing anything that can or should be cut. The score's origin in the music for an uncompleted opera is responsible for some inevitable defects, which only a Stravinsky (the Stravinsky of the *Chant du Rossignol*) could hope to get away with. Nevertheless, the music was well worth saving; there is a great deal to be learnt from this score, though the Proms are hardly the right place in which to learn it.

However, the new music in this year's Prom season has mercifully been freed from the old policy of the lucky dip. Luck has been replaced by critical selection – and that is as true of the choice of a work like Berwald's memorable Symphony in C as it is of the commissions from four very different yet each in their way representative composers. The outlook for next year's Proms is very encouraging.

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Gray – and Puce

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Antonioni is that rare advent, a director who has brought a new sensibility and style to films. It is a pity, therefore, that for most English filmgoers *L'Avventura*, his masterpiece, should have been their first glimpse of him, since now, pending another masterpiece, they must catch up with his past.

Il Grido, at the Paris-Pullman, stands rather apart among his earlier works; its story is working-class – not his ambience, but he devotes himself to it as the Goncourts did to their housemaid. Nagged by neo-realism, and perhaps with Visconti's *Ossessione* especially in mind, he pictures an itinerant hero who brings release to the young wife or widow bogged by the wayside in garage or inn. The small daughter accompanying him comes from *Bicycle Thieves*. But Antonioni is Antonioni: what he has taken from other films is negligible compared to what he puts in, and that is a whole way of feeling about life, of being trapped by it, face to face in the bedroom or locked in by the loneliness of horizons.

The beginning spreads out wonderfully: a seven-years liaison between a factory worker and a woman whose husband has been abroad has at last been ended by news of the husband's death, but now with a wrench she will marry someone else, whom we don't even see. The agony is realised in stolen meetings, to-and-fro's through the streets, winter perspectives. No sunlight, the faintest of mists, thin snow achieve stroke upon stroke of desolation: we have heard that Antonioni's inspiration is in the moment of filming, and here is proof exact. The rejected lover and his child set off on their wanderings, and first one girl and then another is caught at in his frenzy to recapture lost love. What sirens the Po valley seems to harbour! Each episode compels slightly less than the last; in fact the impasse of the hero has become that of the film – we might go on and on in receding mirrors forever. In the end he comes back to an imposed climax of working-class strife and suicide from a high tower. This is a faulty, perhaps mistaken film, but unquestionably that of a master, and it imposes its melancholy and frustration despite everything. We may get a bit tired of Steve Cochran who must remain captain in this voyage of despair, but Alida Valli – more dreamt of than seen – keeps her freshness.

A Double Tour (International Film Theatre) represents a decline in talent: since *Le Beau Serge*, Chabrol has become muddled, fashionable, gross. His complaint is one common to French high-brows: Hitchcockery. He does rather less than Clément with his addiction: everyone in the Aix-en-Provence mansion is a nut-case, including the milkman who comes dancing down the drive with a poppy in his mouth. Interior horrors are accomplished with lush prowlings; the beauties of Aix and its surroundings are lyrically if coldly caught. Madeleine Robinson builds up an insulted mother until building up grows impossible, and André Jocelyn conducts orchestras in the woods as a psycho should. But I can't recommend this gorgeously tricked-out thriller.

And that's that: Whitebait has turned in his last notice. John Coleman will take over reviewing films in these columns, and I wish him luck with whatever may lie ahead. Next week I hope to take a look-back over my 20 years.

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LAWRENCE & WISHART

Snowdunnit

ROGER GELLERT

Great brains may be supposed to be as innocent of theatre matters as poets of money; hence perhaps the quixotry which made Sir Charles Snow hand over his book *The Affair* to the tender mercies of playwright Ronald (*Frieda, The Bride and the Bachelor*) Millar and director Harold (*French without Tears, Dear Octopus*) French. The result is the sort of 'well-made' play which would have seemed a bit contrived and dated in 1935, and this, with comfortable cardboard sets, strong curtain lines, some stirring gestures of integrity and enough whodunnitry to keep one hopeful, should ensure it a considerable boulevard success.

The story, familiar by now, is of a crisis of conscience in a Cambridge college which has expelled a research scientist of known Communist sympathies for apparent academic fraud; evidence arises which seems to contradict the fraud theory, and the Senior Fellows have to decide whether or not to reinstate him. The scientist, Howard (played with fine, tired nerviness by Alan Dobie), is reluctantly championed by Sir Lewis Eliot, KBE (John Clements), an old inmate of the College and inveterate Valiant-for-Truth – a kind of politically respectable Richard Hannay. A private Court of Inquiry finally decides that the vital evidence in Howard's favour may have been deliberately suppressed by the Bursar so as to keep the Red Menace out of his College, an end which justified less than 100 per cent true-blue means. (I was not happy about the wave of sympathetic applause which accompanied this character on his last exit, discredited but defiant, and which seemed to relate more to his sentiments than to Peter Copley's acting).

The play is a travesty of the Snow world, and his common-room dialogue, credible enough in the novels, goes mad in the mouths of actors giving wild rococo sketches of what they think dons ought to be like. The youngest dons are a flat disgrace, and only Peter Howell of the others struck me as being anything like the genuine article. Mr Millar, besides a lot of inevitable simplification and dovetailing, has hotted up the Howards no end, turning Mrs Howard (Dorothy Alison) into a wild, idealistic termagant. A very un-Snow-like bedroom scene has been added for them, and a final estrangement.

Pins and Needles

LOUIS MACNEICE

Someone told me that his chief pleasure in television was the sight of a man wriggling on a pin. He was thinking of studio interviews. But while the needling technique which is now so popular there is usually excused as a means of eliciting the truth, more pleasure *and* more truth can often be provided by the eavesdropping camera in outside broadcasts. Thus the civil disobedience demonstration in Trafalgar Square gave both ATV (live) and Granada (on film) a rare opportunity to catch 'the man in the street' off guard. *Sunday in September*, the Granada half-hour, thrown in instead of *Criss Cross Quiz* on the evening after the showdown, could not be seen in the South where the Network refused it in favour of another rush job, a tribute to Hammarskjold. Both sets of improvisers must be congratulated; it is death to a medium like television to ignore important events because of a printed schedule. In fact *Sunday in September*, which cunningly combined the demonstration with the Battle of Britain ceremonies, was remarkably smooth as rush jobs go (what a time they must have had cutting it!). It began by establishing the weather – the swish of rain, a solitary pigeon drinking from a puddle – and built up gradually, via pretty shots of the white gloves of the WRAF swinging into camera and Miss Redgrave going out to lunch, to the birth of a crowd and the evolution of feeling. One excellence of this programme was the almost complete lack of commentary. Only the climax was missing; watching *Tonight* later in the week we learnt from Lord Kilbracken that after midnight in the Square the one remaining television cameraman was forbidden by the police to take pictures. We also learnt what these pictures might have been.

Compared with the sit-downers Norman Mailer on *Tonight*, looking suitably ravaged by the effort of ratiocination, seemed almost frivolous in his attempts to define the word 'hip'. A layman might have concluded that 'hip' can be used of anyone who has any positive urge to do anything, which would place it in the same dreary old bottomless pigeonhole with such degenerate and useless words as 'nice'. Gordon Pirie, who after winning his last race as an amateur kept appearing on the screen like a sad Cheshire cat, seemed to know much more what he was talking about – but then he was talking within intelligible limits. I like his reason for preferring his athletic exploits at school to the breaking of world records: in the latter case 'everything's behind you then and the spice has gone out of it'. His rather tired, no-nonsense face added weight to his remarks about the cramped lives of running men. By contrast the speakers at the Liberal Party Assembly in Edinburgh, featured late-nightly on both channels, looked on the whole unduly if likably euphoric. And, while one cannot demand that politicians in a large hall should play, i.e. underplay, to camera and microphone, it is hard on the viewer that so many of them throw themselves about so much. Mr Ivor Davies was only one of several who *on the screen* might remind us of our anthropoid cousins bobbing up and down and scooping with their arms for attention. It was restful to get back to the studio and watch Kenneth Harris needling the leaders.

View of Bohemia

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

John Eyles (Collectors Gallery, Portobello Road). Here, in a small gallery off the beaten track, is a new and exciting English Realist painter. Eyles's work seems to spring from the mating of two traditions: the native one which descends from Sickert, and the French *misérabilisme* of Gruber. What he paints is squalid Bohemian living in all its rawness; he constructs bare, cold interiors in which sit, stand, sprawl and embrace his sad, emaciated personages. Eyles is evidently an artist who has matured slowly; he is in his thirties and even now his work is very uneven, and there are few complete successes. But at his best he achieves a unique fusion of coolly objective social comment with something strongly erotic and often rather perverse. His drawings are particularly well worth looking at, and explain, perhaps more clearly than the paintings, what he is after. He has a gift, as a draughtsman, for unexpected but absolutely convincing little gestures of emphasis – for example, a limb will suddenly thrust out of the picture plane towards the spectator, with the bare foot twisted round at a sudden sharp angle. The effect is at once passionate and pathetic.

Louis le Brocquy (Gimpel Fils). Le Brocquy's new show also shows a strong emphasis on erotic themes. He is an infinitely suaver, more confident painter than Eyles – from a cold white ground a ghostly female torso shimmers or a featureless head comes looming. But for all their skill, these pictures make me unhappy because I feel uncertain as to their ultimate aim. The monstrous, ectoplasmic heads suggest a commitment to Surrealism which is not confirmed by the rest of the show. There is, also, a tentative relationship to Francis Bacon. But the predominant female nudes, which combine a curious seen-through-a-keyhole intensity with absolute coldness, are more akin, in spirit, to the work of Etty.

Opening today: The Buhrle Collection (National Gallery). Fine standard examples of the major Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painters, but rather a dearth of key-works. Buhrle's taste was as safe as a Swiss bank. Just over: an exhibition containing the work of Ian Stephenson (New Art Centre). Stephenson is a fascinating young abstract painter. His work is based on the idea of casting a veil of multicoloured dots over a white ground. Sometimes part of the ground is raised in slight relief, sometimes 'signs', such as a row of numerals, are used to give emphasis and variety. The total effect owes

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FRANK GIBNEY

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something to Seurat and has a little of Seurat's detachment and classicism. The paintings seem to suggest a new, more sophisticated and controlled, path for free abstraction.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,649 **Set by Gavin Russell**

Competitors are invited to write a 'blurb' for the jacket of one of the following publications: The Domesday Book; The Army Act; The Georgics, Book IV; Lloyd's Register; The Old Testament. Limit 150 words. Entries by 10 October.

Result of No. 1,646 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

Induction courses of training are run for new recruits to many large organisations both public and commercial. The usual prizes are offered for the programme of a three-day induction course for new entrants to either Heaven or Hell.

Report

Inspiration seemed stronger on the side of the angels. Heavenly items included A. M. Robertson's

> The marriage-making bureau? I'm afraid you've been misinformed – that's in the other place.

Also, from Tee-Tee:

Mornings: Group Sessions (venues indicated)

A. Pearly v. Plastic Gates (cirrus 100)
B. Should Cherubim & Seraphim be Chastised? (cumulus 999)
C. Mansions Management (stratus 1212)

The two best entries of all, however, were Hellish and receive two guineas each.

Monday (*morning*):
Stripping by demons (no clothes henceforth).
Bath in blazing sulphur, followed by scrub with hot wire scourers to remove skin, quick dip in vitriol, finish-off shower (helium).
Unrest period (Grill-room).
(*afternoon*):
Games. Caper-chase: pursuit by hydrophobic hell-hounds round Pit of Broken Bottles. Rack-bed.
Tuesday (*morning*):
Lecture on Plutobedience, etched in by the Belial Boys. General satanising-up.
Writhe easy (1 hr. on the Spits).
(*afternoon*):
Telefeely Show: 'This Is Your Lot' (Prong-Styxvision), with close-up repeats of fiend detail. Night in (red-hot) armour.
Wednesday (*morning*):
Tour of the Regions by Erebus, remembrance of Those in Authority aided by Appropriate Torments (Lucifer, struck matches between buttocks; Beelzebub, Hall of Hornets, etc.).
Unrefreshments: sandwich, mephistolated spirit.
(*afternoon*):
Final Lecture. Questions answered ('Why so many dumb politicians?' etc.). Four-letter-word Dance (Hot-floor Room) till H-F collapses. Eternal unrest (no period).

R. A. McKenzie

1st Day. Entrants are issued with asbestos-bound copies of Dante's Inferno and conducted through acclimatisation chambers to an informal get-together at Smoky Joe's. Introductory lecture: 'Damn You' by John Osborne. Supper round the bonfire: devilled kidneys on toast. Lights (but not fires) Out – 10.30.

2nd Day. Unholy Orders for the Day. Teeth gnashing, with real and false dentures, by a staff imp. Wailing: advice on voice production, by a fallen woman instructress. Recreational sessions: demonstration of black magic.

3rd Day. Lecture/demonstration by an ex-atomic scientist: the Theory of Infernal Combustion. Hitting the Primrose Trail: entrants are invited to contribute personal reminiscences of experiences en route. Prizes for the wickedest stories. Choosing a hobby: (1) Photography. Demonstration of film developing in outer darkness. Discussion: Giving the Devil his Due, at the Fiends Meeting House.

Stanley J. Sharpless

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The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

I was doing the washing-up when a glass bowl standing on a shelf some yards away fell to pieces; a split second later a square yard or thereabouts of the ceiling fell down, making an extraordinary amount of noise. I was taken aback; that is, scared stiff. But only for a moment, after which I simply felt pleased. I examined this surprising feeling for the cause: it was simply the thought in the back of my mind that only the ceiling had fallen on me, not the whole house, not yet, not this time; and that this, the times being what they are, was matter for self-congratulation.

If I felt like that why had I spent six months preparing for a great autumn planting of roses and rhododendrons, lilies and water-lilies; why worked out ways of restoring a dozen old fruit-trees to health and fecundity; why planned the building of a greenhouse; why tended and trained half a hundred grapevines? Probably because nobody sane ever really believes in sudden death even in 1961. All the same, up on Dartmoor that evening, where we went to eat supper while looking across thousands of acres of the two royal colours where gorse and heather were in flower together, a sight beyond words, to the strange transparent, suspended blue of Torbay in the distance, I considered this question: could a small body of men still survive in England as hunting and food-gathering savages, after we have destroyed civilization?

We have to suppose that the actual air has not been made lethal. That granted, there are some things in our favour. First, the climate, or rather climates of England. Concentration of our population by industry in those parts of Britain where the climate is depressing has masked the fact that few places in the world are more favourable to survival without artificial protection. Rainfall, precipitation generally, inadequate for a highly industrialised nation so that we are increasingly short of water, is about right. South Devon, for example, has about the same rainfall as the Gironde valley and rather less than that of the Dordogne, a centre of palaeolithic culture and art. The same region, and all Cornwall, are so mild that at, for example, Salcombe, bananas and hundreds of subtropical species flourish.

There are scores of places in Britain which are just a little drier, not quite so hot in summer but warmer in winter, than most of continental Europe. In that respect our new savages would be well off. What about food, though? In the light of the future our leaders are preparing for us, myxamatosis must be seen as a great disaster: the rabbit would have fed a considerable population of survivors. Hares would probably decline in the absence of agriculture. For small birds and vermin we should have to compete with cats as they established themselves in the wild, but we should still, no doubt, have the help and loyalty of our dogs.

Deer would increase in number, but slowly. From our sheep and pigs would arise new, smaller, tougher and feral strains, but they would be few and hard to catch. I am not sure about cattle: some primitive breeds would survive, like the 'wild' Dartmoor beasts, but most of our cattle are artificial animals entirely dependent on civilization for survival. Some species recently established in Britain would be a help: for example, in the eastern counties the coypu, now numerous, would provide meat of a kind and the fur called nutria for clothes. Grouse and partridges would increase in the absence of man; but pheasants would decrease, for where there is no preserving and little grain growing, they are relatively rare. We should have to compete with a swiftly rising population of predatory birds, the hawks.

Fishing, in sea and river, would be our best source of animal protein. Vegetable food resources are poor; the effort required to live off wild roots, nuts and berries would be excessive, though parsnip and carrot, hazel, blackberry, raspberry, strawberry, whortleberry, sloe, plum, apple and pear would offer an occasional treat. Our grains would not long compete in the wild with feral grasses: it is a fact, for example, that maize does not survive more than two or three years about abandoned settlements; nor would wheat or barley. Oats might fight a little longer. But we could not count on them.

I therefore suggest that one of those trusts which make grants offer two men and two girls good pay to spend two years living as savages in one of our larger forests and, if they survive, write a manual on how to do it. They'd better hurry if it is to serve any useful purpose.

City Lights

TAURUS

Affluence craves variety, and the affluent countries are rapidly developing a taste not only for each other's goods but for each other's stock and shares. On the Continent, where cartels are traditional and stock markets are still narrow and bank-ridden, the taste has developed naturally with the growth of the Six. Sophisticated Americans are being constantly urged by their advisers to follow industry and look to Europe if they want to call back the lovely April of their investment prime. And British stockbrokers, whose clients are already used to the exotic flavours of Wall Street, Toronto, Johannesburg and Melbourne, are now busily accustoming them to Europe – where yields are extraordinarily low, and accurate information extraordinarily hard to come by, but the record of capital appreciation is excellent.

How much actual business has been produced by all the trips, and the circulars and the new trusts is anybody's guess: unless it's pathetically small, however, the movement of the premium on security dollars suggests that either there is a leak in the exchange control or Grandma herself has been feeding the new appetite with gold. Officially, total British investment in non-sterling securities goes neither up nor down.

Richer countries do not even pretend to control capital movements, and foreign holdings of British securities are liable to fluctuate. Since overseas investment is always more speculative than investment at home, these holdings are likely, *prima facie*, to fluctuate sharply. The Treasury, realising this, is now attempting to produce the sort of information about changes in foreign portfolio investment which the US and Canada produce as a matter of course, and the balance of payments estimates have been revised to take account of the results.

The latest quarterly payments figures suggest that even more information is needed. The main fact about them, of course, is that a drop in imports – due to a lower rate of industrial stockbuilding and intrinsically short-lived – has improved the current balance; but that the improvement is quite inadequate to offset the fact that government 'invisible' expenditure (largely for defence and aid) is now outstripping a diminishing 'invisible' income from shipping, oil, insurance and investments. Good, but not nearly good enough: that was already apparent from the monthly trade figures.

The startling new fact to come out of the payments estimates is that the net outflow of private capital in the second quarter was as unusually high as it would have been in the first without the £130m windfall produced by Ford. That windfall apart, the net outflow of private capital from Britain in the first half of 1961 was two-thirds higher than in the first half of 1960. Various explanations of this upsurge will remain plausible until the Treasury publishes more detailed figures. It may well be that more British firms are planning to set up factories in Europe; and, if they had received permission from Grandma to spend the money, the sterling scare might have persuaded some of them to turn their sterling into D-marks or such in good time. But it is also possible that foreigners who had bought War Loan or ICI last year when sterling was strong were selling War Loan and ICI in the

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ELECTRICITY

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Sales of Electricity and the Financial Surplus

The actual figure of surplus was £16.3 million, some £10 million less than the year before, due mainly to higher costs. Another reason was a fall of about 2 per cent in the average price per unit; this was because, through the operation of two-part or block tariffs, the average price to most consumers falls as their consumption rises.

Sales of electricity were more than 12 per cent up on the previous year—greater than had been foreseen—but all demands had been met in full. However, this unexpectedly large growth in demand needed to be given special consideration when the industry was making its annual review of new construction programmes.

The Chairman went on to say that the trend in sales promised well for the nation. The use of more electricity meant greater productivity in industry, agriculture and commerce, and a higher standard of living generally. But the country should understand that a very heavy programme of capital expansion would be needed to keep up with the demand. This called for investment on an increasing scale.

How Much Capital?

Sir Robertson referred to the long-term capital development plans drawn up by the industry each year and kept under constant review. In 1958 it had become necessary to obtain increased borrowing powers. The plans at that time showed that £2,130 million of capital expenditure would be needed (at 1958 price levels) over the seven years to March, 1965. With regard to borrowings up to the end of that period, Parliament raised the ceiling of the industry's borrowing powers from £1,400 million to £1,800 million or whatever higher figure, up to a limit of £2,300 million, might be allowed by the Minister of Power with the approval of the House of Commons. At the end of March, 1961 the total borrowed stood at £1,624 million. The Electricity Council would soon be seeking permission therefore to proceed to the next stage of borrowing.

Self-Financing

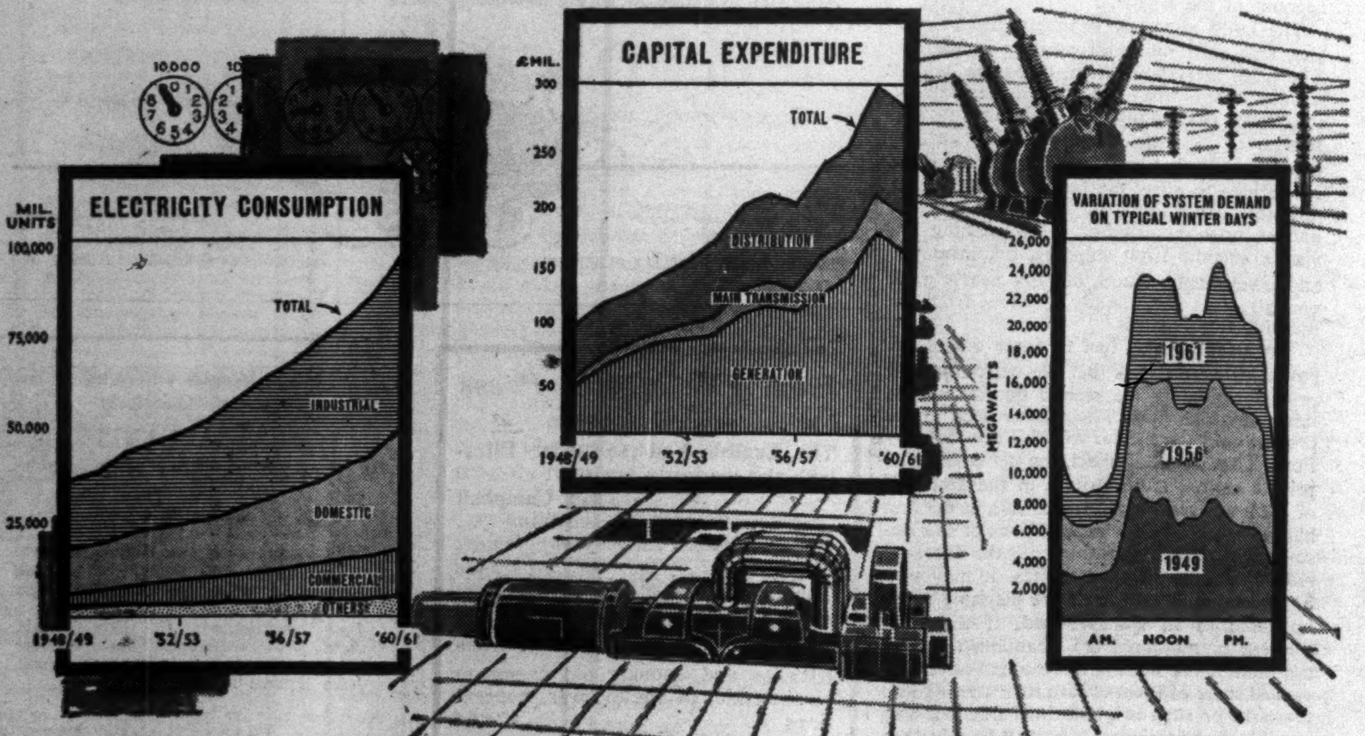
So much for borrowing. The next question was; how much should the consumer contribute? When the seven-year programme was prepared in 1958 it was envisaged that depreciation provisions, surpluses and other internal resources would provide about 48 per cent of the total capital required. This proportion seemed to strike a reasonable balance between the consumers' interest and the need to limit borrowing.

Sir Robertson drew attention to the following table showing how closely actual results had compared with estimates over the first three years of the seven-year programme.

	1958–59 to 1960–61	
Capital Requirements	*Estimated in* 1958	*Actual*
	m.	*m.*
Generating Board	584	594
Twelve Area Boards	263	279
Working capital variation	3	(—) 29
	850	844
Financed from		
Depreciation provisions, surpluses and other internal resources	380 (44.8%)	385 (45.6%)
Net borrowing	£470 m.	£459 m.

More Power—More Plant

However, it was now very clear that the rise in electricity consumption could not be satisfied without acceleration of plant construction programmes. It was expected that the industry would have to face a maximum demand of over 33,000 MW in the winter of 1964–65—more than 12 per cent above the forecast made in 1958—and the most recent estimates suggested that subsequently, in the two years to 1966–67, it would rise by a further 5,000 MW.



SIR ROBERTSON KING, K.B.E.

The Annual Report of the Electricity Council was presented in London on Sept 26th by the Chairman, Sir Robertson King, K.B.E.

Sir Robertson said that the financial year ended 31st March, 1961, had at least two features of some significance. The electricity supply industry had as usual shown a surplus after payment of all interest charges; and the increase in sales of electricity was the highest for ten years.

In order to meet the necessary programme of power stations (conventional and nuclear), transmission lines and distribution systems, the estimates made in 1958 would have to be increased by some £200 million to cover the period to the end of 1964–65, and the continued rise in maximum demand would call for an outlay in excess of £400 million a year on fixed assets in the succeeding two years.

Sir Robertson pointed out that to reach the degree of self-financing involved, increasing surpluses were needed year by year, these surpluses, together with provisions for depreciation, being the main source of finance from internal resources. For this reason, and to cover increased costs of over £20 million per annum from wage and salary increases and a rise in coal prices, the Boards had been obliged to announce increases in most of their tariffs. Even so, these new tariffs had not taken into account cost increases of approximately £10 million per annum, arising from changes in the tax on fuel oil in the Finance Act, 1961.

Planned Surpluses

If cost increases, as they occurred, were not balanced by new revenues or even greater economies, more money had to be borrowed. The self-financing programme depended on achieving planned surpluses.

The term "surplus" did not imply something over and above the needs of the industry. It was a contribution from revenue to capital development.

The additional capital requirement of £200 million above the forecasts to 1964–65 and the heavy programme foreseen for subsequent years called for a full financial review, which was taking place in the setting of the Government's White Paper on the Financial and Economic Obligations of the Nationalised Industries. As a result financial objectives for the Boards would be determined for a period of five years, subject to review annually, within a framework settled with the Minister of Power. For the industry as a whole this would call for increased annual surpluses during the period. These higher surpluses would be essential if the industry were to achieve a financial performance in accordance with the requirements of the Government's White Paper and if it were to find the capital resources it needed, while keeping its borrowings within manageable limits.

Increased Prices not Automatic

The Chairman explained that the electricity supply industry did not think in terms of automatic increases in prices to cover increases in costs. There was ample evidence of this. Over the last ten years or so, power station fuels had risen 60 per cent in price; the cost of mechanical and electrical engineering materials had risen by 60 per cent and 40 per cent respectively; building and civil engineering costs had increased by more than 35 per cent and the interest rate on borrowed capital had nearly doubled. Against these increases, the industry had brought to bear considerable advances in technology, in the use of manpower and management techniques. As a result, the average price per unit of electricity sold to consumers as a whole in 1960–61 was kept down to 1,480d. as against 1.188d. ten years ago, an increase of no more than 25 per cent. It could be demonstrated that in relation to the overall level of retail prices electricity was actually 16 per cent cheaper. The Council considered it part of their duty to make known at every level in the industry how large a proportion of the nation's capital was going into electricity supply and the importance of ensuring that the most economic ways of deploying it were found.

Most Effective Use of Capital

The capacity of the supply industry was more fully used than most capital assets in British industry. Power station plant installed during the last ten years or so had worked on a year-round average of 100 hours per week. In addition there were special projects designed to ease the problem of meeting the daily peak loads. For example, the 300 MW pumped storage scheme at Blaenau Ffestiniog would enable electricity to be generated at peak hours by means of water previously pumped up to a high level reservoir by the most economical stations in off-peak hours. And again, the cross-Channel link with Electricité de France would be coming into commission soon. Because of the differences in the incidence of peak demand in the two countries, 160 MW of load could be transferred in either direction, with savings to both parties.

These were on the production side. So far as the customer was concerned the Area Boards were active in promoting those uses of electricity, such as refrigeration and water heating, which helped to create a balanced load. Even more important, they encouraged the wider use of storage heating and new industrial techniques with loads occuring in off-peak periods, or which permitted load reduction at peak times. Following the introduction of special terms for supplies made available during specified off-peak periods there had been a spectacular increase in the number of off-peak units sold.

Constant Search for Consumer Benefits

Sir Robertson King, who retires from the chairmanship of the Electricity Council on 31st December next, said that he could talk at length about other major achievements of the industry. Such features as: the completion of a rural electrification programme by which supply had been brought to 85 per cent of all farms in England and Wales; the continuing improvement in the thermal efficiency of power stations; and the increasing output of the industry as related to the number of employees. He could also refer to some of the major problems facing the industry. In particular, the difficulty of achieving a reasonable balance between the development of an economical supply system and the effect of such development has on the beauty of the countryside and other amenities. The industry was facing up to these and other problems and the striking growth of the research programmes, now running at over £2½ million a year on revenue account, testified to the constant search for new, improved and cheaper ways to serve the electricity consumer.

TRADING RESULTS

		£ million 1960-61		*1959-60*
Gross income from all trading activities		665		*615*
Operating and other costs (excluding depreciation)		465		*425*
		200		*190*
Depreciation	104	—	*93*	—
Interest and financial charges, etc.	80	184	*70*	*163*
Net surplus—used to finance capital requirements		16		*27*

FINANCIAL POSITION AT YEAR END

	£ million 1960-61	*1959-60*
Fixed assets at cost	3,209	*2,929*
less depreciation and other capital provisions	1,104	*1,004*
Current assets	2,105	*1,925*
less current liabilities	14	*22*
Net assets	2,119	*1,947*
Financed as follows:		
External borrowings	1,949	*1,793*
Reserves (other than depreciation)	170	*154*
	2,119	*1,947*

THE ELECTRICITY COUNCIL

first half of 1961, and that much of what was comfortably regarded as long-term investment was hot money after all. The size of these private capital movements, whatever their origin, is too great to be ignored. The trade balance improved markedly in the first half of 1961, though insufficiently and for the wrong reasons; but this improvement would have been entirely cancelled out, without the Ford bid and a special German debt repayment, by a sudden increase in the net outflow of long-term capital.

* * *

Shipbuilding is in for trouble; the fact that Mr Marples has commissioned yet another report, from a respectable firm of accountants, suggests that he is only waiting for impersonal proof of the fact that it is high prices and long delivery dates which have driven British shipping firms abroad to launch a massive propaganda attack on both sides of the industry. Lord Piercy, however, speaking for the Ship Mortgage Company has got in first by suggesting that cheap credit matters more than anything else and that British shipping lines should be offered ten-year credits on subsidised terms to scrap their old ships and order new.

The suggestion will not amuse Mr Marples at all, but it raises two points of interest. The first is that the shipbuilding industry is already exposed to the kind of competition to which all British industry may soon be exposed. Its traditions, admittedly, are abnormally old and its order-book, until recently, was abnormally long: but this industry's behaviour does not suggest that slashing tariff cuts willl rejuvenate the economy overnight. The second is that competitive export credit is meaningless under conditions of free trade: it is absurd to offer foreign buyers of British ships better credit terms than our own shipping firms can obtain.

Company News

Associated Electrical, which barely maintained its dividend last year, has given a warning that it may not be able to keep it up any longer.

Vickers has maintained its profit for the half-year only because losses on aircraft development have been replaced by unprofitable aircraft sales.

Metal Box has in the end secured Treasury permission to set up an Italian factory.

The latest brewery merger is between *Threlfalls* and *Chesters*, both operating in Lancashire.

Lyons and *Schweppes*, tired of fighting over orange squash, have formed a joint marketing company.

Anglo American, now busily tidying itself up to meet the new situation in South Africa, has managed to raise $30m in New York for *Rand Selection*.

Just over 40 per cent of the *Doom Dooma* capital has now succumbed to the blandishments of *Brooke Bond* in the face of boardroom advice to the contrary. Brooke Bond are extending their offer by a week in the hope of bringing in the waverers, but they already hold enough to block the alternative plans by the existing directors.

The Electricity Council report continues the conventional success story of a nationalised industry: sales up; gross income up; surplus down on last year, but still considerable; reserves up. Other nationalised industries please note the convention.

The Chess Board

No. 620 Historical Landmark

It seems a tall order, yet my headline might be applicable to a few games in chess literature such as the last of the Lasker-Schlechter match in 1910, Lasker's win over Capablanca at Petersburg 1914, the 26 (and virtually decisive) game in the first Euwe-Alekhine match and, more recently, Tal's sensational win over Spassky at Riga 1957, the decider for his second USSR championship as well as for the ticket to Portoroz and the title-fight to come. Another such landmark, undoubtedly, was Reti-Capablanca, New York 1924, for this was not merely a sensational clash of Reti's own 'hypermodern' system and Capa's rather more 'classical' style, it was also the first defeat suffered by Capablanca in eight years in the course of which he had come to be considered invincible. Well, here's the game.

1) Ktf3, Ktf6; 2) c4, g6; 3) b4, Bg7; 4) Bb2, O-O; 5) g3, b6; 6) Bg2, Bb7 [In those days—comments Brinckmann—that sort of opening would cause great masters such as Tarrasch, Rubinstein, Teichmann, to shake their heads incredulously]; 7) O-O, d6; 8) d3, Ktbd7; 9) Ktbd2, e5; 10) Qc2, Re8; 11) Rfd1!, a5; 12) a3, h6; 13) Ktf1, c5; 14) b5, Ktf8; 15) e3, Qc7; 16) d4, Be4; 17) Qc3, ed:; 18) ed:, Kt(6)d7 [Tartakower comments that here the world champion underrated the finesses of that novel strategy: he ought to have played . . . Kte6]; 19) Qd2, cd:; 20) Bd4:, Qc4:; 21) Bg7:, Kg7:; 22) Qb2†!, Kg8; 23) Rd6:!, Qc5; 24) Rad1, Ra7; 25) Kte3, Qh5; 26) Ktd4!, Bg2:; 27) Kg2:, Qe5 [Obviously . . . Re3:?? is ruled out by 28) fe:, Qd1:; 29) Ktf5!! winning the Queen]; 28) Ktc4, Qc5; 29) Ktc6, Rc7; 30) Kte3, Kte5; 31) R1d5! and the world champion resigned, considering that . . Ktc4 would be hopeless against 32) Rc5:, Ktb2:; 33) Rc2, Kta4; 34) Ktd5, etc.

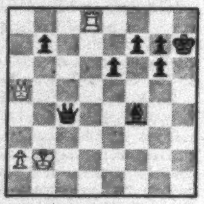
I am glad to have some space left for a remarkably clearcut and instructive ending won by Trifunovic against Matulovic in the recent Yugoslav championship. /16/3K4/5k1p/bP1Bp1p1/4P1P1/7P/8/.

1) Ba7!! [The wisdom of this move will be apparent six moves later when the K will need the vacated square as gateway to the K-wing], Kf6; 2) Kd5, Kf5; 3) Kc5, Ke6; 4) b5, Kd7; 5) Kb4! (b6?), Bd1; 6) b6, Kc6; 7) Kc4, Bc2; 8) Kd4, Bd3; 9) Ke5, Bc2; 10) Kf5, Bd3; 11) Kf4, Bc2; 12) Kg5, Bb3 [He can't save the P anyway and has to get the B on to the other diagonal to guard against the threat of Kh4 and h3]; 13) Kh5:, Be6; 14) Kg5, Bc8; 15) Kf4, Kd5; 16) Bb8!, Kc6; 17) Bc7, Kd5; 18) Bd8!, Kc6; 19) Ke4:, Kd7; 20) Bf6, Ke6; 21) Bd4, Kd6; 22) Kf4 resigns.

Finally (Zilin-Shernov 1960) a delightful illustration of the *zugzwang* whip in action. /5k2/1p1b2p1/2p3Pp/3p1P2/3P4/q1P1Q1KB/16/.

After 1) f6!,Bh3:; White, well aware of 2) Kh3:,gf:; leading nowhere, didn't bother about the Bishop, the sequel being 2) Qe5!!,Bd7; 3) Kh4!!,b6; 4) Kh5,b5; 5) Kh4!,h5: 6) Kh5: and Black resigned since his Queen couldn't let go of e7, nor could the Bishop move on account of the mating threat.

A: H. Dintheer 1961



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White politely offered a draw. Black indignantly refused. How then did White prove to his opponent that the draw could be forced in a few moves? **B**, a draw is one of the 'classics', very instructive and fairly easy for 6 ladder-points, but **C**, a win, is subtle indeed and hardly a bargain at 7 points. So I'd better add the useful hint that in both variations the Kt will find e6 a mighty useful square. Usual prizes. Entries by 9 October.

B: B. Horwitz: /32/p1p1k3/K2p4/2p1PR2/8/.

C: J. Vancura 1924: /7Kt/6P1/2k3K1/16/4r3/16/.

REPORT on No. 617 Set 8 September

A: 1) Ktfe5:, fe:, 2) Be5: won the Q on account of the h6 mating threat.

B: 1) b4, Kb4:; 2) Rc5:, Kc5:; 3) b4†, Kb4:; 4) Kb2, etc.

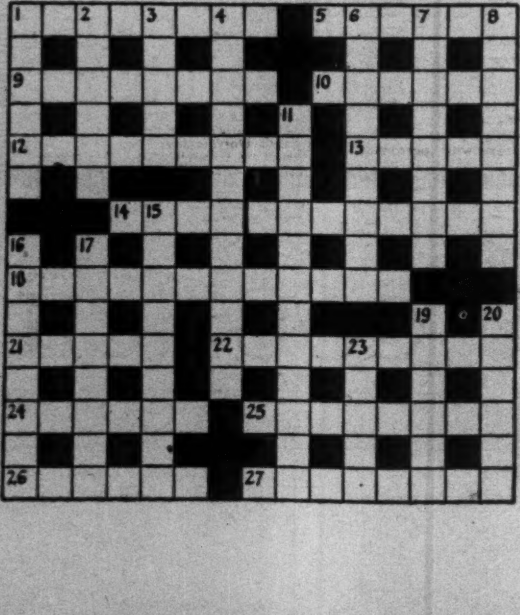
C: 1) Kb5, Kd4; 2) Kc6, Ke5; 3) Kd7, Kf6; 4) Ke8, a5; 5) Kf8, a4; 6) Kg8, a3; 7) Kh7! etc. Or 4) . . . Kg5; 5) Kf8, Kh6; 6) Be8, a5; 7) Kf7! etc.

An easy lot and plenty of correct solutions; prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, B. A. Cole, S. N. Collings, W. T. Maccall, D. H. R. Stallybrass, A. G. Summers.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 477

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 477, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 10 October.



ACROSS

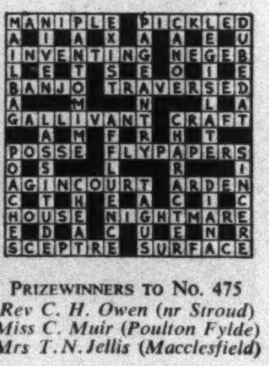
1. Sovereign awards for flowers (8).
5. Collision makes one policeman operate (6).
9. She works on 12 and starts putting in time after work (8).
10. 'Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be Your mournful ——' (Keats) (6).
12. Instrument for which the trumpeter starts in sound (9).
13. A number copy the same part of a coat (5).
14. A number of apprehensions about the novel (4, 8).
18. A poet's talk sounding like rain? (12).
21. Novelist in a novel I otherwise dislike (5).
22. Speak softly behind a girl and disappear (9).
24. What is received in the hint a keen listener observes (6).
25. Drive mad or provide relaxation (8).
26. Go where there are bulls for such ill-treatment (6).
27. Paid for something being done about fighting (8).

DOWN

1. Intricate unless one knows the ropes? (6).
2. Very keen to irritate (6).
3. A quiet one quietly hold tight (5).
4. His work needs developing (12).
6. Permit love in disorderly times to be an excuse for kissing (9).
7. Received perhaps at two hundred deep (8).
8. The girl is discovered outside the dance without trunks (8).
11. Give to the regions a fairly good broadcast serial (12).
15. Given an obvious start but forced into second place (9).
16. Hurrying to compose a poem about the rising waters (8).
17. In this district erosion is more serious (8).
19. Disease of a young man in springtime (6).
20. Warmed up, but most of it the man consumed (6).
23. Animal put into pies in the Midlands (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 475



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 475

Rev C. H. Owen (nr Stroud)
Miss C. Muir (Poulton Fylde)
Mrs T. N. Jellis (Macclesfield)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. 6d. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence £3 per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

AUSTRALIA
THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW SOUTH WALES
SENIOR LECTURER
SCHOOL OF HISTORY

The University of New South Wales invites applications for appointment to the position of Senior Lecturer in the School of History. The School not only offers pass and honours courses to students in the Faculty of Arts, but also shares the responsibility of providing courses in the humanities for all students in scientific and technological faculties. Applicants should have a good honours degree, with research and teaching experience. The School is at present extending its teaching commitments in the Faculty of Arts, and has a particular need for a Senior Lecturer to take a third year course in medieval European history. Applicants with qualifications and research interests in other fields will, however, also be considered. Other relevant fields include Pacific (but not Australian) history, early modern European history, Asian history, and the history of ideas.

Salary: £A2,599 range £A3,049 per annum.

Commencing salary will be determined by qualifications and experience.

The successful applicant will be eligible, subject to passing a medical examination, to contribute to the State Superannuation Fund.

First class ship fares to Sydney of appointee and his family will be paid.

4 copies of applications (including the names of 2 referees) should be lodged with the Agent General for New South Wales, 56-57 Strand, London, WC2, and a copy forwarded by airmail to the Appointments Section, The University of New South Wales, Box 1, Post Office, Kensington, NSW, to reach there before 31 October 1961.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION, DUBLIN
VACANCIES FOR UNIVERSITY GRADUATES AND OTHERS

A competition for 5 posts as ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICER will begin on 31 October 1961. The competition is open to men and women who on 1 November 1961 were 20 years and under 26 years and

(a) who hold a FIRST OR SECOND CLASS HONOURS UNIVERSITY DEGREE, or an equivalent qualification, or

(b) who are established Civil Servants with certain service.

Pay: £780 rising to £1,100 (woman or unmarried man) or £1,360 (married man). Plus Children's allowances.

Prospects: Promotion guaranteed after 7 years if certified suitable.

Tests: Essay, Précis and Interview. Qualifying test in Irish.

Intending candidates should write to Civil Service Commission, 45 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, 1. The latest time for the acceptance of completed application forms is 5 p.m. on 13 October 1961.

Further competitions will be held in the Autumn of 1962 and 1963. It is hoped to offer not less than 4 posts on each occasion. Details will be announced in due course.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from MEN of experience for the new post of ASSISTANT TUTOR / YOUTH ORGANISER with some teaching duties at the Village College, Bottisham. The Village College is a mixed Secondary Modern School by day and a community centre for young people and adults in the evenings. The person appointed will have the particular task, under the Warden, of extending and developing youth activities at the Village College and in the surrounding area, and he will assist the Tutor in the work of Further Education. To strengthen the link between school and youth work he will also undertake some teaching in the secondary school. Salary according to Burnham Scale for Grade 'A' Assistants in Establishments for Further Education.

Forms of application, which should be returned by 14 October, and further particulars, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge.

G. D. EDWARDS,
Chief Education Officer.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

CAMBRIDGESHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
THE VILLAGE COLLEGE, BASSINGBOURN

Applications are invited for the post of TUTOR FOR FURTHER EDUCATION at THE VILLAGE COLLEGE, BASSINGBOURN, from 1 January 1962.

Bassingbourn Village College was opened in 1954 and accommodates both a Secondary Modern School of some 300 boys and girls from fourteen small villages and a centre for evening classes and other activities, the whole making a varied programme of provision for leisure. Classes and other activities including Youth Clubs are also promoted in the constituent villages.

The Tutor will be responsible, under the Warden of the Village College, for the organisation of Further Education and the Youth Service throughout the area served by the College and will also assist in the Secondary Modern School.

Salary according to Burnham Scale for Grade 'B' Assistants in Establishments for Further Education: £700 to £1,150, with appropriate additions for degree and training.

Further particulars and application forms which should be returned by 16 October, may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, Shire Hall, Cambridge.

G. D. EDWARDS,
Chief Education Officer.

OXFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Applications are invited from men and women for appointment as SCHOOL SOCIAL WORKER for work among children failing to benefit from or to attend school. Applicants should have the Social Science Diploma or other suitable Local Government Examination qualification. Previous experience in the field of social welfare and case work enquiry among children and parents and involving home visiting is looked for.

Salary scale. APT II £815 to £960 p.a. Travelling and subsistence allowances in accordance with the Council's scale will be paid.

Application forms which must be returned not later than 6 October 1961 may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

A. R. CHORLTON,
Director of Education.
County Offices, Oxford.

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL
BRETTON HALL TRAINING COLLEGE

This College is now in process of expansion and by September 1962 will have over 300 students.

Applications are invited for the following posts:

(1) Senior Lecturer responsible for Drama (man or woman) to be taken up not later than September 1962 and before then if possible.

(2) Lecturer (man) for Religious Education with Education and/or English for January 1962.

(3) Lecturer (woman) for Physical Education with particular interest in Dance and Games for January 1962.

Further particulars and application forms which must be returned by 16 October obtainable from the Principal, Bretton Hall, West Bretton, Nr Wakefield. Candidates who have previously applied for posts 1 and 2 and wish to renew their application need only send a postcard.

HOUSEFATHERS and Mothers required young adult spastic centre; active social life, congenial surroundings. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Spastic Centre, Oaks Road, Croydon.

SECRETARY required for Local Associations Organiser, National Association for Mental Health. This is a new appointment which will carry with it scope for initiative in an expanding field. Shorthand/typing necessary. Salary in range £572-£624 p.a. Superannuation and generous leave. Applications with full particulars and copies of 2 references to the Office Manager, 39 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

HATFIELD COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
Hatfield, Herts

Principal: Dr W. A. J. Chapman, M.Sc.(Eng.)

LECTURER IN BUSINESS STUDIES

Applications are invited from women graduates for this post in the Department of Business and Social Studies. Applicants should have business and teaching experience and be able to teach for the National Diploma and Certificate in Business Studies and Shorthand and Typewriting.

Salary £1,370-£1,550. Details obtainable from the Academic Registrar.

JOSEPH ROWNTREE MEMORIAL TRUST
APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Director of the Joseph Rowntree Memorial Trust at York. The person appointed will assist the Trust's Director in implementing under the Trustees' direction the powers to engage in social research and experiment contained in the Joseph Rowntree Memorial Trust Act 1959.

Applicants should have an Honours degree or produce evidence of ability to work at that level. They should be interested in the development of social institutions and their impact on those they are intended to serve.

Applications, which should include the names of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the Secretary, Joseph Rowntree Memorial Trust, Beverley House, Shipton Road, York, from whom further details of the post and of the Trust's work may be obtained.

ESSEX
THURROCK TECHNICAL COLLEGE WOODVIEW, GRAYS

Principal, J. C. Williams, BA (Hons.) BSc. (Econ.) (Hons.), Dip. Ed. FIL

Required 1 January 1962.

SENIOR LECTURER IN LIBERAL AND GENERAL STUDIES to supervise and co-ordinate the teaching of English and General Studies throughout a large college and to encourage the development of a liberal education for students undertaking technical courses. Applicants should have a general interest in Social Science, Arts, Creative Arts, Engineering and Science, and Commerce, and academic qualifications in at least one of these fields.

Salary within scale £1,550 x £50(4) to £1,750 p.a.

Assistance towards removal expenses will be considered.

Details and application forms from the College Clerk at the College. Closing date 6 October 1961.

ESSEX
COURTS YOUTH CENTRE, OCKENDEN

Applications are invited for the post of full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (female) at this Centre, which offers formal classes in Commercial and other subjects, and recreational activities, for over six hundred members. Candidates should hold a Degree, Teaching Certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership, and must have had experience in Youth Work and/or teaching. Salary £520 x £27 10s. (16) x £40(1) to £1,000 p.a., with additions for training and Graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions.

Further details and application forms obtainable from the Divisional Education Officer, Upminster Court, Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex. Closing date 9 October 1961.

INTELLIGENT woman with personality wanted to generally assist proprietress of 600-year-old country licensed restaurant 6 mls Canterbury. Own room. Good prospects. Will accept woman with child(ren) if prepared to complete conversion of additional living accommodation. Box 5881

VACANCIES FOR SENIOR CHILD WELFARE OFFICERS
(SALARY WITHIN RANGE £940-£1,300)

London County Council invites applications for positions of Senior Child Welfare Officers in Children's Department. Persons appointed will supervise work of five child welfare officers. Candidates must have had field experience of work with deprived children and their families, preferably in a supervisory capacity; possession of the Home Office Certificate or Certificate in Applied Social Studies an advantage.

Application form (returnable by 16 October 1961) from Children's Officer, (E.I/N/2638/9), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal

THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY, RICKMANSWORTH AND SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY – posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Applications are invited for: (1) The McCaughey Chair of Early English Literature and Language (vacant on the appointment of Professor A. G. Mitchell as Deputy Vice-Chancellor). (2) The Challis Chair of English Literature (vacant on the resignation of Professor W. Milgate). (3) The Chair of Australian Literature (newly established). The salary will be at the rate of £A4,250 per annum plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A49 per annum). There is retirement provision under either the Sydney University Professorial Superannuation Scheme or the New South Wales State Superannuation Scheme. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chairs by invitation. Statements of Conditions of Appointment and Information for Candidates may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, (Branch Office), Marlborough Hse, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 15 Nov. 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Western Australia. Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for appointment to the above-named position for which the salary range is £A1,750/75/2,350 per annum with superannuation similar to FSSU. Candidates are requested to state in their applications the philosophical areas in which they are especially interested. The appointee will be required, if possible, to take up duty by 1 March 1962. It is important that intending applicants obtain details of the procedure to be followed in applying for the post and a copy of the conditions of appointment before submitting their applications. This information is available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 18 November 1961.

AUSTRALIAN National University, School of General Studies. Lecturer in Psychology. Applications are invited for appointment to the above-mentioned post. Applicants should have special interest and competence in the Psychology of Personality. The salary range for a Lecturer is £A1,650 - 100 - £A2,450. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further particulars and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 15 November 1961.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Chair of Political Science. Applications are invited for appointment to the above-mentioned post which is at present vacant, owing to the sudden death of Professor K. J. Scott. The appointee will be required to act as Head of the School of Political Science and Public Administration, to maintain close relations with administrative agencies and to promote co-operation with official and unofficial bodies in furthering research and higher education relative to administrative work in New Zealand, and to manage and edit the departmental journal 'Political Science'. The salary will be at the rate of £2,800 per annum. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in New Zealand and in London on 31 October 1961.

HOUSEMASTER (Resident, married or single) required to make up complement of four at Mayford, Woking, Surrey, an intermediate approved school for 110 boys. Ability to supervise leisure activities, hobbies, recreation etc. essential. Work calls for equable personality and genuine concern for boys of unstable temperaments and varying abilities. Appropriate qualifications and/or experience desirable. £720-£1,050 less £141 for single furnished accommodation, board, lodging and laundry. 8 weeks leave. Apply Children's Officer, (WDO/N/2623/9), London County Council, County Hall, SE1.

RESIDENT domestic help required for co-educational boarding and day school. Good salary, own room, 6 weeks' paid holiday. Apply to Domestic Bursar, Aller Park, Dartington, Totnes, Devon.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Producer/Programme Assistant in connection with the Overseas Educational Transcription Scheme operated jointly by BBC and British Council for supply of educational recordings to overseas areas which are short of specialist teachers. The recordings are intended both for broadcasting and for direct use in schools and training colleges. Duties will include planning, commissioning, editing and production of educational programmes. Applicants, who should be graduates, should have had considerable experience of teaching either English or Science to children for whom English is not the mother tongue. Salary £1,725 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,225 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and further particulars (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.436 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Producer, School Broadcasting Department (Sound) to produce dramatic and semi-dramatic programmes over a very wide and varied field. Expected also to contribute to the Department's work in some other way, e.g. as scriptwriter. Production experience essential, a degree, teaching experience, literary ability desirable. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and further particulars (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.437 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 5 days.

BBC has vacancies in its African Service (British subjects only). (a) Producer. Duties include writing and producing talks, interviews and discussions on a wide variety of subjects, particularly current affairs, for programmes broadcast to East and West Africa. Candidates must have proven writing ability, wide interests, particularly in the political sphere, and good general knowledge of African affairs. Recent experience in East or West Africa desirable. (b) Producer/Language Supervisor. Duties include writing, adaptation and production of talks and feature programmes, language supervision and co-ordination of duties of the Swahili staff engaged on translation and broadcasting. Recent experience in at least one of the East African Territories and Higher Standard Swahili essential. Keen interest in, and knowledge of, African and international affairs. Journalistic and broadcasting experience an advantage. Starting salary both posts £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope, quoting reference 61.G.453 N.Stm and indicating post applied for) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary, 10-5 p.m. GK Bureau, MUSeum 6858.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE National Federation of Housing Societies invites applications for the newly created posts of Deputy Director and of Development Officer for Old People's Housing. The Federation (recognised under the Housing Act 1957 as the central organisation for non-profit housing) is expanding its organisation to launch and direct a national campaign for providing both family housing and housing suitable for old people through housing associations and co-partnerships. The Deputy Director (appointment initially for three years) will be based at the Federation's offices in central London. Applicants should be of proved administrative ability but experience of housing work not essential. The Development Officer will be responsible under the Director for three to five year campaign to promote new associations for housing the elderly and while based in London will be required to travel widely. Applicants should have some knowledge of old people's housing. Salary for both appointments not less than £1,500 but consideration will be given to experience and qualifications. Age 35-55. Application forms can be obtained from, and should be returned to, the Secretary to the Federation, 12 Suffolk Street, London, SW1, before 16 October 1961.

THE East London Family Service Unit requires a part-time worker to supervise the programme of activities (small groups) for the children of Unit families. Worker to be responsible for close liaison between the family caseworkers and a team of voluntary helpers who work with the children. Hours to be arranged. Apply 71 Vallance Road, London, E1.

WELL-known London Advertising Agency wants an 'Electronic Brain' who can write. The most important qualifications are: a wide knowledge of electronics and experience as a writer on a newspaper or periodical or in an advertising agency. This is an important and unusual position. The work will be varied and creatively stimulating. Salary will be good. Write fully to Copy Director, Box 5923.

SKILLED woman writer wanted by established Public Relations Company. Prospects and salary outstanding for the right person. Please send details of career and salary required to Box 5890.

PROFESSIONAL journalist wanted by established Public Relations Company. Prospects and salary outstanding for the right man. Please send details of career and salary required to Box 5889.

THE Council for Education in World Citizenship has interesting secretarial vacancy for young woman who rates the value of her job above its remuneration i.e. £383 10s.-£455 p.a. (starting salary according to qualifications). Varied opportunities including foreign travel and promotion to higher grade. School leaver with good shorthand/typing considered. Further details on application to The Secretary, CEWC, 25 Charles Street, London, W1.

Administrative Trainees

THE ELECTRICITY COUNCIL invites applications for three posts of Administrative Trainee. Applicants should normally be aged under 28. A period of experience in employment, not necessarily in industry, would be an advantage. The qualifications required are:

Either

a first or second class honours degree,

Or

a professional qualification in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Management, Administration or Electrical Engineering.

- Appointments will be in the salary range £690-£740, according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars obtainable from:

The Establishments Officer,
The Electricity Council,
Winsley Street,
London, W.1.

quoting ref. NS/129. Closing date for the receipt of applications 7th October, 1961.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ART publishers require traveller for London area, postcards and greeting cards. Commission basis. Box 6008.

SECRETARY required by old established all party organisation in international relations field. Exciting experience for enterprising person willing to accept small salary and give hard work and long hours. Experience in administration, public relations and politics desirable. Send details to Box 5917.

AUTHOR, journalist, poet needs secretary. Part- or possibly full-time. Good shorthand, personable. Box 5781.

GERMAN Shorthand-typist required by Engineering Company near Victoria Station. Apply Box 5990.

PORTMAN Bureau invites secretaries aged 18-40 seeking really well-paid posts to call at 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

THEATRE agent requires part-time secretary. 2-6 p.m. (Monday to Friday). Salary £5. Tel.: KNI. 5851.

FULL- or Part-time Tutor for Shorthand classes required for West End School. We would consider a good secretary willing to teach this subject. Telephone HYD. 6524.

SECRETARY required, able to work independently. Shorthand/Typing, able to control staff and filing, knowledge of Zionism and Israel affairs essential. Apply by letter to Jewish Agency, Aliyah Dept, 217 Tottenham Court Rd, W1.

COMPOSITORS & Intertype Operator required (LTS). Part Pacifist work. Good wages and conditions. Goodwin Press Ltd, ARC. 1116. 135 Fonthill Rd, Ldn, N4.

PUBLISHING. Small-scale publisher university and educational books, Bloomsbury, needs junior lady assistant general duties. Varied work and opportunities. Might suit school leaver or graduate, 18-22, with scholarly interests. Typing or willingness to learn it essential. Write stating quals and sal. expected. Box 5858.

EXPERIENCED Shorthand-typist/Secretary with some knowledge of bookkeeping and invoicing reqd by Engineering Co. nr Victoria Stn. Five-day wk. Box 5893.

COMPETENT secretary reqd in Hampstead Architects' office. Male or female. Age immaterial. Refs reqd. HAM. 8226.

STELLA Fisher Bureau find permanent career jobs, secretarial and clerical, for men and women; 436 Strand, WC2 (almost facing Charing Cross station). TEM. 6644.

THE Liberal Synagogue, St John's Wood Road, NW8, invites applications for Personal Secretary to the Senior Minister. Competent, experienced lady of good education, preferably in thirties, for responsible appointment. Congenial conditions – 5-day week. Apply in first instance to Mr Cross, CUN. 5181.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

CLERK-Typist reqd to take charge of membership records. Interesting and congenial post. 5-day week. Rationalist Press Assoc., 40 Drury Lane, WC2. COV. 2077.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency. 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

UNUSUAL and interesting position with good salary reqd by intelligent and personable young lady solicitor (honours); willing to consider anything. Box 5870.

WOMAN seeks editorial post in publishers where opportunities to use writing ability – juvenile or adult fiction preferred. Five years' teaching, two years editorial (children's educ. publns), and wide free-lance journalistic exper. Box 5895.

GOOD sh./typist wd like 12/16 hours' work wkly, morns. Perm. Box 5941.

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NEW Sherwood School, co-educational, progressive, parent-owned, has at the moment limited vacancies for boarders. Epsom 9619.

STEINER Schools Fellowship. Education for children from Nursery Class to University entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers etc., obtainable from Secretary, Wynstones School, Whaddon, Gloucester.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL—continued

AN EXCITING new approach to winter-sports! Ski-Plan holidays in Austria – 15 days from only £29 15s. – including travel, full pension, ski-school, hire of skis with safety bindings! Wide choice of centres. Write for our free full colour brochure. Ski-Plan Ltd, Ref. NS2, 47 Beauchamp Place, London, SW3. KNI. 4243.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

BANDOL. S. France. Charming villa 10 yds sea. B. & b. from 12s. 6d. Full details Box 5847.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

QUIET house, quiet leafy road, Ealing. Newly furn. single room and kit. 3 gns. p.w. ALP. 2789 or write Box 5905.

SW11. Two unfurn. rooms, share k. and b. £3 excl. of gas and elec. Mother and child preferred. Box 5942.

LARGE bright bed-sitter West Hampstead, 4 gns inc. light, use of kitchen, bathroom, etc. MAI. 7169.

SMALL room Highgate, h. & c., c.h., share k. & b. 1 woman. 50s. Box 5839.

VICTORIA. Two bedroom flat. Fourth male partner share with engineers and architect. Rent £4 p.w. TAT. 1330 evenings.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 double and single rooms, £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

CHARMING attic flatlet, lge bright rm, small kit'ette. Nr Heath & buses West End, City. £3 wkly. 1 person. Box 5945.

THREE rooms to let, private hse Wimbledon. Suit 2/3 friends sharing. From 2 gns each, incl. heat. WIM. 0367 evenings.

YOUNG business or prof. gentleman (Jewish) offered well-furnished sunny divan-room in modern flat. C.h., c.h.w., use k./b. Plus homely atmosphere. Near 'bus, Underground. Hampstead. Box 5939.

HAMPSTEAD. Single divan-room for woman. All facs. £2 p.w. Box 5930.

ROOM, well-furnished, in bachelor's flat. 'Phone CHIswick 6521.

FACING Woods. Newly decorated lge sgle (£3 5s.) or dble (£3 15s.) b/s., and kitchen. Use bath. TUD. 7396.

SEA-Mill House, Yarmouth, IOW, avail. Oct.-March, all mod. con., tel., studio, garage, suit family. 3 gns. Box 5729.

LANGUAGES Teacher (lady) living on Italian Riviera has nice bed-sitting room, in modern house, to let from October. 7,000 Italian lire per week, without food, plus 150 lire per day for heating when necessary. Italian, French and German conversation. Erna Saaler, Via della Liberta 92/52, Rapallo, Italy.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

COMPANY Executive, 31, recently arrived from New Zealand desires private board in good home or willing to share a flat with another executive or prof. man. Reasonably central. Box 5879.

DR, 31, & wife sk flat, 3 rms, share b., nr London Univ. 9 mths. Box 5819.

OCCAS. use consulting room in London reqd by psychologist. Box 5799.

OPTIMISTIC Australian girl wants s/c. room or flat, under £5. MIL. 2071.

YOUNG painter and wife, no children, require s/c. living/working accom. Premium available. Phone BRI. 8645.

JAPANESE University lecturer, married, baby, seeks s/c. furn. flat incl. bath & w.c., for 19 months. Max. rent 7½ gns. North London. MAI. 7285 evenings.

BUSINESS lady requires unfurnished or part-furnished room, quiet well-run house, London area. Box 5844.

YOUNG lady graduate reqs flat for two, furn. or unfurn., very reas. rent, within easy distance Baker St, and University of London. 1 year or more. Box 5845.

WRITER, wife (musical) and dog seek quiet furnished cottage/flatlet. West Country. Long let, low rent. Box 5872.

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APOLLO Agency: typewriting, duplicating. 18 Hanover St, W1. MAY. 5091.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

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ACCURATE professional typewriting, highly recommended by famous authors & publishers. Novels, plays, poetry, theses etc. Revision/editing. Mrs D. Shirley, 138 Green Lane, Edgware, Middx. STO. 6020.

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OUR Service – any job at any time. Duplicating, Typing, Translns, all secretarial work, 24 hr service. Personal attn. Isle Agency, 76c Rochester Row, SW1. VIC. 7333.

LECTURES etc.—continued from p.460

'WEST Africa – Problems of the New Nations'. Lord Hemingford, Chairman of Africa Bureau, addresses UNA Westminster Branch at Victoria League, 38 Chesham Place, SW1, on Tuesday, 3 October, 8 p.m. All welcome.

IS Peace Possible? Films & discussion. Peace Pledge Union. Mon. 2 Oct., 7.45 16 Westbourne Park Rd, W2. BAY 2086.

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. Horsham Town Hall 8 p.m. Sun. 8 Oct., Beckenham Town Hall 7.30 Tues. 10 Oct., Staines Town Hall 7.30 Mon. 23 Oct., Saffron Walden Friends House 7.30 Tues. 24 Oct., Harrow, Belmont Assembly Hall 7.30 Sat. 28 Oct., Chelmsford Cannons Restaurant, Duke St. 7.30 Mon. 30 Oct., Dorking Masonic Hall 7.30 Mon. 20 Nov. And others as fixed. Also Kensington Central Library 8 p.m. Tues. 17 Oct.: an experiment in Listening Technique applied to a debate. Subject: The Bomb. Organised by local CND.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 29 Sept., 8 p.m. Pushkin Club Journey to Russia – 1961 – Impressions. Fri. 6 Oct., 8 p.m. Unique Piano Recital by N. Orloff: Chopin. Entrance by programme, apply Secretary.

'A VIEW of Science Education in the US' by W. O. Ruffle, Science Adviser, Middlesex Education Committee. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 4 October at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

ART Workers Guild, 6 Queen Square, WC1. Open Meeting, 6 October 1961, 6.30 for 7 p.m. Subject: Stable Standards and Fleeting Fashion: An illustrated discussion between Prof. N. Pevsner and Mr Peter Clarke. Visitors welcome. No tickets.

ART Film Show arr. Finsbury Art Group. (Chairman Eric Newton) incl. Lascaux Cave Drawings and Barbara Hepworth Sculpture. Finsbury Central Library, Skinner St, EC1. (nr Town Hall, Rosebery Ave.) Mon. 2 Oct. 8.30. Non-members 1s. 6d.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 4 Oct., 6.30 p.m. 'Japanese Zen', Miss P. T. N. Kennett. Also Saturday 7 Oct. 3 p.m., Children's Class. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries: TAT. 1313.

'IMMORTALITY'. Speaker: Dr Alfred Torrie. Sunday 1 Oct. at 6.30 p.m., Friends House, Euston Rd, London, NW1,

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ. 33 Belgrave Square. SW1 BEL. 3351

'WHAT Is Theosophy?' Public lecture. 1 Oct. 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. H. J. Bell, FRGS: 'The Child in Society'. 8.30. Fri. 6 Oct. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

PROGRESSIVE League and Joint Council for Development of General Education: Joint Conference, High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, 27 to 29 October. 'Education in a Technological Age': dealing with the possibility of a 'liberal' education today. Dr James Hemming, Edward Britton, Caroline Nicholson, Roy Prideaux. Members, £4 4s., others £4 14s. Full fee to Dr E. A. Seeley, 38 Primrose Gardens, NW3.

HAMPSTEAD New End School, 7.30. Tuesdays 'Music – Improvisation'. Thursdays 'French Literature'. Golders Green Library, 8.0. Mondays 'Literature of the 1890's'. Tuesdays 'Geology'. Thursdays 'Britain in the 1960's'. WEA. SPE. 5850.

THERE is still time to join a WEA Class in Central London. Art & Music Appreciation, Literature, Politics, etc. Full particulars: M. N. Kavanagh, 219 Church Rd, Leyton, E10.

RUSSIAN Classes for beginners commencing 16 October. Full details from Principal, Language Tuition Centre, 26-32 Oxford St, W1. (Tel.: LAN. 1005).

GERMAN by retired LCC teacher. Write Miss S.N., 154 Westbourne Grove, W11

RUSSIAN. Beginners' 18-lesson postal course with individual tutorial help. £3. Write Director of Studies, Dept VH7. Wolsey Hall, Oxford (est. 1894).

EDUCATED Russian-born lady, W3 area, gives Russian conversation lessons. Fees mod. Box 5846.

FRENCH conversation wanted (exch. for Engl.). Also English tuition given to foreigners. MAI. 4583 bef. 10 a.m./evgs.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners. 4 October to 6 December. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833).

SPANISH Italian, French German Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced Pronunciation with tape recorders International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441

KOMETA is the magazine for you if you are learning Russian at home or at school. Here is Russian you will want to read, written very simply and illustrated with many recent photographs. Write for a specimen copy of the magazine and details of subscription rates to: Mary Glasgow & Baker Ltd, 140 Kensington Church St, W8.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher; speedy results guaranteed. Box 5764.

FRENCH, German, Engl. etc. Quick method. Elocution. West London Language Ctre 316 Old Brompton Rd, SW5. FRE. 3420

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg & Pitman Shorthand. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7 KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Miss Sutton, FLAxman 7967.

11+ New Courses using modern methods. Send for Free Guide and Tests. Thames Tutorial College (Dept N.S.3), 40 Russell Street, Reading.

BIBLE Study: Correspondence Course. Free on application to: Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith Street, West Bromwich

SPANISH Guitar Lessons, Auth. Span. meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar', Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754

HARPSICHORD. Private tuition in London. Write stating previous experience to Box 5900.

YOUNG composer gives lesson in piano, clarinet, and theory. LAD. 0568.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11

EVENING Drama School. Vacancies for term com. Sept. Complete course. No experience required. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU. 5885).

DRAMA in the East End! Toynbee School of Drama offers full 2 year Acting Course, evenings only. Course also covers Theatrecraft (stage props, mask-making, stage jewellery, millinery). Incl. fee 25s. yearly. Few vacancies also in Toynbee Players, experienced actors, actresses. Write Brenda Bourdon, 8 Rutherford House, Brady St, E1.

PERSONAL

WANTED: A Roman Catholic Foster Home. Cheryl is an attractive coloured child of 10 months with good background. Her parents cannot provide for her and like all children she needs the love of a mother and father and the security of a good home. Can you provide these things? If so please contact the County Children's Officer, 50 Moss Street, Paisley, who will be glad to give further information.

MIXED marriage (Quaker/Jewish), 30's, small family and all mod. con., wish to meet similar couples threatened by onset premature middle-aged inertia. Wide interests: arts, politics, children, etc. Anti-bomb, of course. NW Middlesex. Box 5732.

HOUSE sharing, with view to forming community, offered by retired College lecturer (f.) to individuals or couples, W. Riding area. Box 5944.

BRITISH Association Granada Lectures. Third series annual lectures, 'Communication in the Modern World', Guildhall, London, Tues., 3 October. Sir James Gray. 'The Language of Animals', 8.30 p.m.

A CAREER at 40 or even 50? You still can start or resume a secretarial career. Learn Shorthand – or the simpler Speedwriting – and typing – and audio typing. A special 10 weeks mornings only course for the over 40s commences on Monday 2 October. Lansdowne Secretarial Centre, 287 Oxford St, London, W1. HYDe Park 7950.

ARTIST potter with some capital wishes to meet another. Box 5906.

PERSONAL—continued

PROPRIETRESS of small school requires partner to run business side; moderate profits but happy life. Box 5911.

OFFICE, quiet, furn., nr BM, available as refuge for writer. Box 5969.

ANY upright or small grand piano seeking temporary home shd phone FRE. 8849.

ATTIC/Spare/Work room/s wanted for studio. (Part-furn.) Box 5877.

ADVERTISER requires course or private tuition in Graphology. Box 5789.

FRENCH and German conversn, private tuition, offered in London. Box 5852.

GREEK undertakes translations of French, English and Greek, and gives lessons in Greek. Box 5869.

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SPEC. individ. help with children's school work available in London. Box 5853.

PUBLISHER'S reader will be pleased to give an opinion on unpublished MSS. Low fee. Write first to Box 5910.

GALTS Make Good Toys. Write for catalogue, order by post, or visit London's newest toyshop, Galts, Dept. NS, 30 Gt Marlborough St, W1 (behind Liberty's).

HEINZ Bernard is directing the new comedy, 'Border Incident', by L. Bush-Fekete, for Cameo Players. Auditions for actors, actresses able to dance and scenic design artists will be held on Wednesday, 4 October at Zion House, 57 Eton Ave, NW3 (3 mins from Swiss Cottage Station) at 8 p.m.

TOWER Theatre Club members enjoy not only good plays and good company, but also the club bar and buttery, Sunday evening performances by the Tavistock Repertory Company, and regular talks and discussions. All for £1 1s. or 7s. 6d. annually – and for a little extra you can see high-quality films at the Film Forum. Interested? Write to the Secretary, Tower Theatre Club, Canonbury Tower, Canonbury Place, N1.

THE Family in Urban Society: 20-23 Oct. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also 'Anglo-Saxon Week-end'. 27 Oct. 'Halloween Country Dance'. (Checkendon 221).

GUITAR Lessons. Classical; Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

HYPHEN Birthday Party: Sat. 7 Oct, 7.30 p.m. Odeon Cinema Restaurant, Temple Fortune, NW11. Buffet, dancing, entertainment inclusive, £1 1s. Tickets at door.

PORTRAIT sculptor guarantees likeness. From 30 gns. Telephone Dominic Polglase, HOLborn 0982.

AMATEUR Rep. reqs experienced Actors and Actresses (Character and Juvenile) also set designers, for Autumn Season. Casting in progress. The Entertainer, Four One Act Plays by Tennessee Williams, The Playboy Of The Western World, The Tunnel Of Love, The Old Ladies, The White Devil (250th Production), Come Closer and Look (New Play). Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

PRIVATE Provincial Art Gallery wish to buy moderately-priced paintings. Inquiries invited from artists. Box 5301.

£175 in easy Letter Contest. Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

HUMANISTS – there may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union (G), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

IF they insist on an image, give them a good one, by Anthony Panting, MAI. 3200 for appointments, 30 Abbey Gardens or your home for photography.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also sm. Hall & Committee Rms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1

BALLOGRAF – the perfect Swedish ball-pen. Mechanism guaranteed 3 years; black, blue, grey, with long-lasting refill 20s. Caravel Press, Moxon St, W1, or post free.

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SPEECH Training. English for foreigners. Miss Shackman, LRAM. SLO. 4154.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

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SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8.

FAMOUS Writers' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Courses in Fiction and Article Writing. (FLEet Street 7158/4734).

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

OCTOBER 'Labour Monthly'. Signposts – or Windmills? S. O. Davies, MP; This Trades Union Congress: Abe Moffat; Change, Not Tinkering: Joan Maynard, JP; Peace and Power: R. Palme Dutt. 1s. 6d. or 9s. half yearly. Dept N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

PLANNING – for what?; Education – Complacency and Cuts; Labour Research, 1s. 2d. p.f., 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

STAND. The Quarterly Review of Literature and the Arts. Essays in Christian Existentialism – E. F. F Hill, Three Poems – Geoffrey Hill, a previously unpublished poem by Shelley; stories, verse, criticism, art. 2s. from your newsagent. Subscription 10s. p.a. US, Canada $2.00: Stand, 144 Otley Rd, Leeds, 16.

'THE Linguist', the language monthly for experts, amateurs and intelligent beginners. Specimen copy 1s. 6d. from: The Linguist (NS), 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – leaflet 6d. Visual Arts Club, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

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GERMAN books bought & sold Libris, 38a Boundary Rd, NW8 MAI. 3030.

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sats 5 & 8. 'Finders Keepers'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Last days 'Tis Pity She's a Whore'. Com. 3 Oct. Shaw's 'Androcles and the Lion' and 'The Shewing Up of Blanco Posnet'. 6 & 8.40.

MOUNTVIEW Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. MOU. 5885. An Evening of Tennessee Williams, 2-7 Oct. at 7.45 p.m. Mems only. Associate membership 7s. 6d. per year. (We need exp. actors, actresses (juv. & character), casting in progress.)

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, Thurs. 2.30, Sat. 5 & 8.15. Arnold Wesker's brilliant play 'The Kitchen'.

SAVILLE. TEM. 4011. 8.30. Wed. & Sat. 6.15 & 8.50. The hilarious revue success 'The Lord Chamberlain Regrets!' 'Thunderous applause – side-splitting' Daily Herald.

THEATRE Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. A Whistle in the Dark. 'A terrifying play', The Times. 'The stage blazes with danger', Kenneth Tynan.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30) Beckett's 'Endgame' and 'The Applicant' by Roy Bongartz (new play) 28-30 Sept. at 7.30. Next: 'The Knight from Olmedo', direct from Edinburgh Festival. 6-8, 11-14 October at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Farquhar's 'The Recruiting Officer'. Restoration Comedy. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. 'A torrent of high spirits', Times. Mems.

CONCERTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
(President: Yehudi Menuhin)

A SITAR RECITAL by
USTAD VILAYAT KHAN
Ustad Imrat Khan (Sitar & Surbahar)
Shanta Prasad (Tabla)
Programme includes well-known Ragas – Solos and FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EUROPE, Duets
Tues., 3 Oct., at 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1.
Tickets: Members 2s. 6d., 4s., 6s. and 10s. Guests 5s., 8s., 10s. and 15s. Price reductions for Ballet Clubs, Schools and Parties.
Weekly Lecture-Recitals on Asian Music & Dance begin on Wed., 4 Oct., 7.30 p.m. at Royal Academy of Music, Marylebone Road, NW1.

Tickets will be available at the door one hour before performance begins, or any time beforehand from Hon. Sec., Asian Music Circle, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3. (FIN. 2934).

CONCERT by singers of Hungarian State Opera and Cigány Orchestra of Radio Budapest (leader Sándor Lakatos) at Rudolf Steiner Hall, 33 Park Road, NW1, on Saturday, 7 October, at 8 p.m. Admission by Programme 5s. at door. Organised by Hungarian Cultural Club, London.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U) in col. Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Nouvelle Vague Survey: Until 1 Oct.: Chabrol's 'Les Cousins' (X). From 2 Oct.: Resnais' 'Hiroshima Mon Amour' (X).

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League. Dance, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sat., 30 Sept., 7.30-11. Tkts 4s. 6d. at door.

INFORMAL Dance and Social – Clive Hall Hotel, 27 Fellows Road, NW3. Sat., 30 Sept., 7.30-11 p.m. 4s. 6d. at door. Refreshments. Hampstead Humanist Society.

CHINA'S 12th Anniversary Celebration. See Lectures and Meetings.

EXHIBITIONS

THE LINCOLN GALLERY

'ART and ENERGY'

a Schettini restrospective.

8 SLOANE STREET, SW1.

GANYMED'S new publication, Lowry's Children's Playground, £3 plus tax 7s. 11d. from all good printsellers or 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

MOLTON Gallery. Michael Werner – Abstracts for Architecture. 4-23 Oct. Dly 10-6, Sats 10-1. 44 South Molton St, W1

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent watercolours, Larry Bigelow, 10-6. Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 26 Young Sculptors: closing 7 October. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. Library: Maurice Jadot – Painted Wood Reliefs.

MASTERPIECES of French Painting from the Bührle Collection including paintings by Cézanne, Degas, Gauguin, van Gogh, Manet, Monet, Renoir. Arts Council exhibition. National Gallery. Till 5 Nov. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Until 21 October. Ronald Moody, Sculpture. Renee Robertson, Kenneth Glenister, Paintings.

INTERNATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, 35 Countries, St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Rd, NW1. Until 5 Oct. 12 noon-8 p.m. Mon.-Fri. Adm. free. Organised by The Daily Worker.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Magritte oils and collages 1922-1952. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 9.30-1.

MAX Ernst: retrospective 1909-61. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. Paintings by Ada Flatto, Sculpture by M. Pakenham Walsh. 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art', Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq., W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Anna Meyrson – Recent Paintings. Until 14 Oct. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

BUTE Gallery. Paul Christie Paintings. 3 Bute Street, S. Kensington, SW7.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St, W1. (GRO. 6755). 'The New New York Scene'. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Admn free. From 5 Oct.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Norman Adams and J. Bornfriend. Weekdays 10-5.30 Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 30 September. Paintings by William Crozier. Sculptures by Brian Wall.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEWES, County Town Gallery, Priory Street, adjacent Station. Paintings – Cecil Heathfield. 30 September-21 October. Closed Suns-Mons.

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

LCC Art Exhibition in the Royal Festival Hall from 20 September to 5 October. Features photographs and models of works of art and sculptures commissioned by the LCC for civic display. Open daily from 5.30 till 10 p.m. Artists and art-critics particularly welcome.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings & drawings: Harold Cheesman.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats 10-1 p.m. Old and Modern Masters.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BERLIN
The BOMB
WORLD GOVERNMENT
BOB EDWARDS, MP, LANCE MALLALIEU, MP, LORD STONHAM.
At Albert Hall, Blackpool,
Tues., 3 OCTOBER, 7 p.m. Adm. free.
Reserved seats 1s. From: Federal Union, 10 Wyndham Place, London, W1. Tel.: PADdington 6679.

A PEACE PLAN FOR BERLIN
Public Meeting Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m., 16 Oct. 1961.
Speakers will include
R. H. S. CROSSMAN, MP
DR DONALD SOPER
National Peace Council, 29 Great James Street, WC1. CHAncery 3228.

THE COMMON MARKET
Why Britain must join!

Hear
John STRACHEY, MP
Roy JENKINS, MP
John DIAMOND, MP
Bob EDWARDS, MP
Hugh DELARGY, MP
Charles PANNELL, MP

Tuesday, 3 October at 7.15 p.m.
Savoy Hotel, North Shore,
BLACKPOOL

Organised by the
LABOUR COMMON MARKET
COMMITTEE

COMMON MARKET

– KEEP BRITAIN OUT
CAMPAIGN

sponsored by the City Press newspaper

PROTEST MEETING
Monday next, 2 Oct.

Caxton Hall, Westminster,
6.30 p.m.

Speakers:
Oliver Smedley, MC, W. Newton Jones, MBE, S. W. Alexander, Peter Linfoot, Simon Knott.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Max Ernst Symposium. Speakers: Georges le Breton, Jacques Brunius, Robert Melville, Toni del Renzio, Roland Penrose. Chairman: Dr Roland. Tuesday 10 Oct. 8.15. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

RESOLUTION 42:
Trades Union and the Arts
LONDON NEW LEFT REVIEW CLUB
with Clive Barker and others from Centre 42
Mon. 2 Oct., 8 p.m.
Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1.
Admission 2s. (Members 1s.)

'END the Arms Race – Labour Must Lead'. Public Meeting during Labour Party Conference. Monday, 2 October, 7.30 p.m. Jubilee Theatre, Blackpool. Speakers: Donald Soper, John Horner, Leslie Hale, MP, Emrys Hughes, MP, Harold Davies, MP. Chair: Frank Allaun, MP. Adm. free. Arranged by Labour Peace Fellowship.

BRITAIN, the Common Market and the Labour Movement. The issue is vital. You must be well informed. Hear: Shirley Williams, Ernest Jones, John Diamond, MP, Rt Hon. Arthur Bottomley, Lord Walston, Fred Mulley, MP, in the NUR Hall, Unity House, Euston Road, London, NW1, on Sunday 22 October, 10.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. Credentials 2s. 6d. from Federal Union, 10 Wyndham Place, London, W1. Tel.: PADdington 6679.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Lalange Bowen on Universities in Africa. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 4 Oct., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d.

CHINA'S 12th Anniversary Celebration. Artistes: John Neville, Reizenstein, Joshua Glazier, Steve Benbow, Philip Lewtas, Sheila Francis. Guest of Honour, Huan Hsiang, Chargé d'Affaires of the People's Republic of China. St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, 1 October. 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. All seats reserved. Apply Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

HAMPSTEAD Parliament – the premier Model Parliament meets each Wednesday 8 p.m. at the Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3. Details from: F. D. Hunter, 156 Etchingham Park Road, N3.

SHAW Society, Friday 29 September, 7 p.m., at National Book League, Albemarle Street, W1. Shavian Miscellany.

SCIENCE Forum: Lewis Elton (Battersea Coll. Tech.) on Education or Stagnation; the choice before us. Friends House, Euston Rd. 7.15 p.m., Tuesday 3 October. 2s. (door) or 10s. (year). Coming: Blackett, Calder, Lonsdale, Penrose, and others. Programme: s.a.e. to Secretary, SF, 19 Rochester Way, SE3.

DR Helen Rosenau – Chaos, Coercion or Co-operation, A Problem of Town Planning. Sun., 1 Oct., 11 a.m. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m. Discussion. Tues., 3 Oct., 7.30 p.m., The Revolutionary Individual in the Cosmic Age: Anthony Brooke, Rajah Muda of Sarawak. SPES, Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1.

MR Bob Spiegel from the Council of Industrial Design, will talk on the functions of this body. The New Jewish Society, YWCA, 108 Baker Street, W1. (Simon Marks Room) on Wed. 4 October at 8 p.m. Adm. to guests 3s. 6d.

MARJORIE Gullan Memorial Lecture, Sat. 7 October, 3 p.m., at Bonnington Hotel, Southampton Row, WC1. Speaker: Sue Ryder, OBE, 'Our Forgotten Allies'.

'INDUSTRIAL Law and the Common Market', Prof. O. Kahn-Freund. New Theatre, London School of Economics, Wed. 4 Oct., 6 p.m. Admission free. Industrial Law Society. Details: Secretary, c/o 'Justice', 1 Mitre Court Bldgs, Temple, EC4.

A READING of Poems, with comments by Richard Wilbur, American poet. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Friday, 29 September at 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

THE Friday Club meets 7.45 Fridays at 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8. Talks with discussion on Literature, The Arts, Current Affairs, 6 Oct. etc. Apply M. Kew, 51c Fulham Pk Gdns, SW6, for programme.

LECTURES etc.—continued on p.459

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